UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1210.

Original Poetry.

LET HIM PASS!

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY MORFORD.

"Oh, let him pass, he hates him
Who would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer."—*King Lear.*

Let him pass to his rest
And the green turf on his breast
We will lay,
All the sorrows of his path
By the ever-springing moth
Shut away.

We fear to lay him down
Where the eye that meets our own
Shall be dim;
We are kind to our own hearts,
Let the moment he departs
Smiles for him.

I think not we are kind,
When we wish to keep behind
In its pain,
The spirit whose repose
Shall those agonizing throes
Ease again.

Within that broken form,
Where the great Almighty arm
Heaved its stroke,
There is little, little space
For the tenant's resting place,
We invoke.

I know there shall be tears
When they reckon up his years,
And so few.
But he might live many more,
While the sadder than before
Each one grew.

Life essays a sunny side,
But its better beings guide
Few, alas!
From his sorrows and his pain,
Where the sun comes forth again,
Let him pass!

Original Novel.

THE CRUIZE OF THE GREYHOUND.

A Legend of Newport.*

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL JONES," "THE ROVER," &c., &c.

"But to day,
With the strange waywardness of human thought,
A story has come back to me, which I
Had long forgotten."—*N. P. Willis.*

CHAPTER III.

"Zuleika! child of gentleness!
How dear this very day must tell,
When I forget my own distress,
In losing what I love so well,
To bid thee with another dwell."
—*Bride of Abydos.*

In an old wainscotted apartment, furnished with carved, high-backed mahogany chairs, and having one or two pictures of merit on the walls, sat our heroine, at the hour of sunset, about four weeks after the events detailed in the last chapter. Her head rested on her hand, and her gaze was fixed abstractedly on the lovely landscape before her; that consisted of a succession of rolling hills, covered with farms and woodlands, between a gap of which the blue sea was visible rolling in the distance. The traces of tears were on her cheek; and at intervals a long drawn sigh came heavily from her bosom.

Since her last interview with De Courcy, Mary had not spent a happy day. Though she felt that she had acted rightly in refusing to elope with him, there were moments when regrets at their hard fate would force themselves on her mind; for alas! the tempter never ceases his work. Her lover's departure, too, on a long and uncertain voyage, made her sad. How often she wished that he was on shore, where, if she could not see him, she could, at least, hear from him, and where he would be at hand in case of any emergency requiring his aid. These regrets would often bring tears into her eyes; but then again she would think of her duty, and the resolution would again grow strong within her, to commit everything to the hand of God.

But it did, indeed, seem as if the machinations of De Courcy's enemies would prove too strong for her, and that she would, sooner or later, be forced into a marriage with Harris. Poor girl! she had no friends in this emergency; for she was surrounded only with those in the interest of Harris, as even her servant was corrupted by his gold. To bear up alone, against opposition, is a very different thing from doing so when surrounded by kind friends, who cheer and sustain you. But Mary could have endured all, if her father had not grown harsh and arbitrary. Before her he had always laid aside the sterner qualities of his nature; and the first time that he had ever addressed her, except in words of kindness, had been at the interview in the glen, where he surprised her with De Courcy. But since then, he had often, by his angry words or manner, sent her away to weep whole hours in her room alone. And this harshness daily became worse. Irritated at his daughter's continued opposition to a union with Harris, and unused to be disobeyed, for he had never before known her to refuse to act according to his wishes, her father would not conceal his displeasure, but wreaked it on her at every fitting opportunity. It seemed, indeed, as if the demon of discord had entered into that once pleasant home, and that hereafter there was to be no peace for the persecuted girl.

It was after a scene at the dinner table, where her father had addressed her more unkindly than ever, that Mary had retreated to the parlor we have spoken of, and after indulging in a flood of tears, now sat sad and disconsolate at the window, her eyes only mechanically wandering over the beautiful landscape, while her thoughts were busy with her unhappy lot.

While she thus sat, the door softly opened, and her father entered. She did not hear the noise, and he had advanced to her side, and laid his hand on her shoulder, before she was aware of his presence. She looked up with a start, and her heart began to beat violently.

"Mary—my dear child," he said, in a voice of kindness, unusual of late, "you have been weeping. Perhaps we have misunderstood each other; and I may have said things to pain you. If so, forgive your father."

The tones of love so long a stranger to her ears, the words kindly framed, and above all, the solicitation for pardon, overpowered the poor girl, and falling on her father's breast she sobbed convulsively, but the sobs were those of hope, and not of sorrow.

"Oh! my dear father," she said, at length, brokenly, "let it be with us as it once was, and I will do anything for you. Restore me your love—it is all I ask."

The father drew his arms tenderly around her, and his face evinced much emotion. Down his hard and furrowed cheek a tear stole, and dropped on the neck of Mary. She felt its warmth, and clasping her parent anew, gave vent to a fresh flood of tears.

It was not without reason that her father had calculated on the result of this change of manner to his daughter. He had seen her rise abruptly from the table, and felt that his words had pained her. Dear, very dear was his child to him, notwithstanding his present harshness towards her: and the sight of her emotion smote him to the heart. The history of the last month passed in review before him, and he asked himself if he had not yielded too much to irritation at finding her opposed to his wishes, and whether a milder course would not be more effective with her. His feelings were of a mixed character, as he mused. He was determined his daughter should never marry a penniless adventurer, without rank or family, and such he regarded De Courcy; but his bosom yearned to see his child once more happy and light-hearted, as she had been in other days. He longed to hear her go singing over the house as was formerly her wont. He would have sacrificed anything but his ambition, to see her face decked with smiles, and to chase away the settled melancholy which now brooded on it.

"I have been all wrong," he said, "Mary was ever of a sensitive nature, like her mother; and harshness never moves her, but only makes her unhappy. I will try what kind words can do; I gave them up too soon—irritated at her firmness, when I should have persevered. She will yet yield to persuasion."

The whole afternoon these thoughts were passing through his mind, and the more he considered the more he became convinced that he had been pursuing the wrong course. He determined, on his return to the house, to seek his daughter and make amends for his harshness.

For some moments neither parent nor child spoke again, but Mary continued weeping on her father's shoulder. At length he broke the silence.

"It shall be as it once was," he said. "Let the few last weeks be forgotten."

"May Heaven bless you for these words," said Mary, eagerly. "I will do anything for you, dear father, anything—anything but—"

"But what, my child? I do not wish to pain you, yet I would fain know this reservation," said he, still kindly. "You mean you will do anything but marry Captain Harris—is that it?"

Mary looked up imploringly into her father's face, then buried her face on his bosom; and he felt that he was answered. A shade of his old displeasure shot across his countenance, but he instantly checked it.

"We will not talk of that now," he said, "You are too agitated. But we have misunderstood each other, I fear. I do not wish to force you into this marriage; yet I would sacrifice everything to see it brought about, as it is my dearest wish that you should be well settled."

"Why be in such haste?" said his daughter, catching at what she thought to be a hope held out by these words. "If it is only that you wish to see me married, believe me I would rather remain with you, dear father, than wed the proudest noble. All I ask is that we may be happy together."

"But I am getting old," said her father, perceiving the mistake he had committed, "and wish to see you happily settled before I die."

"Oh! do not mention such a dreadful thing," said Mary. "You are not old, dear father, and will live many long, long years," and she smiled in his face. "Do not, therefore, make me unhappy by urging this matter."

"Well—well! We will not talk of the affair now. You have been too agitated. Hereafter we may both think and speak of it more calmly: at present let us forget it."

He led her out as he spoke into the evening air; and for the next hour the now re-united father and child were as happy as had been their wont, when Mary was a thoughtless child, and before she had tasted of sorrow.

The ensuing week passed off in the same uninterrupted felicity. No allusion was made, either by father or daughter, to the subject which had lately divided them. Captain Harris was in Boston on business, and Mary was not annoyed by his visits. She almost forgot there was such a person in existence; and began to hope that her father would relent towards De Courcy—and that they might yet be happy. Ah! that hope, what a blessed thing it is for youth. How many are there who, if the veil of futurity could be lifted up, and they could see all they have to endure in this life, would give up, broken-hearted, at the outset; but hope, golden-winged hope, lures them on, and they learn at length to surmount a thousand disasters, hoping even to the end. Thank God for hope!

CHAPTER IV.

"If thou hast any love of mercy in thee."—
Joanna Baillie.

At the end of a fortnight Captain Harris reappeared. He had been assured before his departure, which occurred prior to the reconciliation between the father and daughter, that, on his return, the long contemplated marriage should take place. Everything, the parent said, would be prepared for him; all obstacles on the part of the lady removed; and he would only have to solicit her hand to receive a favorable answer.

On his return, therefore, anxious to secure his lovely bride, the Captain ordered his horses, and without a moment's delay, rode to her father's residence. Mr. Elwyn was not at home, but the suitor, satisfied that all had been made easy for him, told the servant to show him in; and without waiting, was ushered into the presence of Mary. The blood rushed to her face, and her heart began to beat violently at his unexpected appearance, for she felt that a renewal of his attentions was unavoidable: but these signs the Captain interrupted favorably, and soon declared the object of his visit, tendering his heart and hand.

Mary heard him out in silence; and during the time he was speaking, had leisure to recover her composure. As soon as he had finished, she said in a tone betraying not the least agitation.

"I feel honored, Captain Harris, by this offer, for any lady must be honored in having inspired the sentiments you speak of in a gentleman; but it is with regret and pain I tell you those sentiments are not reciprocated and never can be. Your attentions have been, I will frankly own, such, for a long time, as to leave no doubt on my mind of your wishes; but I had hoped that what I said on a former interview, as well as my demeanor since, had convinced you that I could not partake in your sentiments. We are totally different in habits, feelings and views of life. With my own station I am contented, nor do I seek to rise to another. Since the conversation we had, on this matter, some time since, I have certainly had time to examine my heart thoroughly, and to have come to a correct conclusion as to my feelings. The very calmness with which I now speak must convince you of the state of my affections. Let me ask as a favor that this subject may never be resumed between us." She rose from her seat as she said these words.

Had an apparition started up before him, the Captain could not have been more astonished than at this demeanor and these words. He had been assured so positively by the father that his daughter dare not disobey him, and that she should be reconciled to receive him as her husband, that her independent tone struck him with amazement, and he knew not what to say. The idea instantly occurred to him that he had been betrayed, and that some other suitor, perhaps wealthier, or of higher rank, had been preferred by the ambitious father. After the first moments of surprise, therefore, rage took possession of his bosom; and muttering something, he knew not what, he rose from his seat and bowed himself out of the room, mortification at having again failed and a determination to have his revenge on the parent, uppermost in his mind.

He took his course directly for the town, and alighted at the counting-house which Mr. Elwyn frequented when on business,—a low, shingled dwelling, black with age, situated by the water side. The father was alone when the rejected lover entered. But accustomed as Mr. Elwyn had been to deal with all sorts of men, and without a particle of fear in his nature, he started back from the countenance working with passion, and the dark eyes shooting fire that now presented themselves before him.

"In God's name, what means this foolery, sir?" said Captain Harris, striding close up to the parent, and striking the desk with his clenched hand till the lid rang, "Am I made a tool of for some other man?" and, his rage choking his utterance, he broke abruptly off.

Mr. Elwyn looked at him in speechless surprise for a moment. At length he said,

"I do not understand you, sir. Pray, Captain Harris," he added, "be seated. What is the matter? You astonish me. Calm yourself." While uttering these words he presented a chair for his guest, satisfied that he had been drinking too deeply, or was in the delirium of a sudden fever.

The Captain, in his turn, was equally astonished. He had expected to see Mr. Elwyn turn pale, or be embarrassed; but when his countenance evinced none of these signs of guilt, he began to fear he had been too hasty. This reflection rapidly cooled his anger.

"I really do not understand you, Captain," said his host. "You break in on me, after nearly three weeks absence, with words few men would endure, and that too, when we had parted in good will. I know nothing of any foolery, nor am I aware you have been made a tool of."

These words, and especially the composure with which they were uttered, convinced the Captain of his mistake. He took the proffered seat with some embarrassment, and said,

"Then you have not engaged your daughter to some other person?"

"I never thought of it," said Mr. Elwyn, "I have promised her to you, and yours she shall be. What led you to fancy that I had changed my mind?"

His guest proceeded in reply, to narrate his interview with Mary, and its result. The father's brow clouded as the story progressed.

"This is unfortunate," he said, at its close, "I wish I had seen you before you called on Mary. I thought she might be persuaded to change her mind, and was in strong hope of a peaceable termination to her scruples. Had we met, as I supposed we would, before you paid her a visit, I would have explained the change of plan and all would have gone well."

The Captain bit his lip and gazed on the ground in vexation. But he soon looked up,

"I tell you what, Mr. Elwyn," he said, "you are her parent and ought to know her nature better than I do, but I think in this matter you are wrong. She will never, at least since this interview, be my wife with her free-will—I mean she will never acknowledge it, even if she is in favor of the match, for her pride will prevent that. So, if you choose to persevere in this course, I must seek a bride elsewhere."

These words alarmed the parent. That his daughter should dare to give her suitor a peremptory dismissal had angered him when the Captain rehearsed the terms in which it was given; and now the threat to break off the match, destroyed what few scruples remained at resuming the tone of authority in dealing with his refractory child. He looked undecided, for a moment, and then replied,

"Nay, Captain Harris, I am a man of my word; and, I say again, that as I have promised you my daughter, yours she shall be. But we only differed as to the means to bring about the union." He put this last in a tone of inquiry.

"Why, you see, Mr. Elwyn," said the Captain, tapping his boot with the point of his rapier—"time presses with me, and I cannot remain wooing here forever. I must sail again, for my last voyage I hope, in a month or two, as I have business in London, involving a large amount, which I only can attend to. It is natural, therefore, that I should wish to be done with suspense, and possess your charming daughter before I sail; for I can then leave her, without being tormented by any of those jealousies which otherwise would haunt me. Besides, you know the nature of women is to be coy, and often to pretend dislike to a man from mere maidenly whim; but, when once married, they love this same individual to distraction. I have seen something of the sex, and know their fancies."

"Yes, yes, that is true," said the miser. "Girls never know what is for their happiness, and unless their friends choose for them, make romantic matches they never cease to regret."

"That is exactly what I should have said," said Captain Harris, in his most insinuating tone. "I am a man who has seen the world and know what value to place on these romantic attachments, and, for my part, I want none of them. They are girlish fancies that soon wear off. But give me rather, a woman who is coy and pretends to dislike me; for I know, when we are once married, she will learn to love me, and that her love will endure."

As the Captain spoke these words, there might have been noticed for the first time, a look in his eyes that reminded you of a serpent, for he kept his gaze fixed on his host with a stealthy glance, measuring out every word slowly, as if unwilling to utter another until he saw what effect the last had produced. And, after he had ceased speaking, he still continued gazing, in this manner, at his companion.

Mr. Elwyn, on his part, mused for awhile, muttering to himself such broken sentences as these. "It was just so, I know, with her mother—the sex are all alike—but what if she should not ever love him?—and yet she will soon do so, when she knows there is no alternative; I think he is right, and there is no other way now to proceed—then his rank."

He seemed unconscious that he uttered these words, imagining they were merely the unexpressed thoughts of his reverie; but his companion caught every syllable, and his eye glittered with a strange joy, while he continued to read the countenance of the miser.

"Well, on this matter," said Mr. Elwyn, at length, looking up, "our interests are in common, and we both act for the best. I agree with you, that there is now no course left but the exercise of my authority; and, perhaps, the sooner it is over the better."

"Then we will say to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night let it be," said Mr. Elwyn. "And there is my hand on it."

The Captain took the pledge, and they parted, the one to felicitate himself on his success, and the other, with feelings of less exhiliration, to prepare his daughter for her immolation.

It was not without some feelings of compunction that the father, whose mercenary and ambitious feelings were thus about to sacrifice his daughter, entered the presence of his child. But he had labored hard to convince himself that what he was about to do, was for her good—and he had, in part, succeeded, for we are never so successful sophists, as when our interests turn advocate. He was, moreover, a stern, hard man, of great decision and inflexible in his purposes—and having once made up his mind that gentle measures were no longer possible, he was not the one to hesitate.

Mary saw her father enter, with a heart full of misgivings; for no sooner had Captain Harris departed, than she foresaw a stormy altercation between her parent and herself, in consequence of her refusal of this favored suitor. But she hoped that her father would be less inexorable than at their former interview. The instant, however, he entered, she read her fate in his countenance. All the kindly feelings that had dwelt there when he went away in the morning, had flown; and a rigid inflexibility of muscle, betokened that he had determined to abandon once more, the tone of persuasion.

"What is this I hear, Mary?" he began, as soon as he had closed the door. "Have you determined to brave my displeasure, and set me at defiance? Did you not know my sentiments towards Captain Harris, and promised me, when we last conversed on the subject, that you would not rashly decide? Yet you have refused him this very day—here in this very room—not two hours ago."

Mary trembled in every limb, for she saw her father was really angry; but she had no recollection of having made the promise he spoke of—though she remembered a suggestion of his, to that effect, to which her silence had been probably taken as an implied assent. She therefore, said,

"Oh! dear father, I surely made no such promise. I always said I could not love Captain Harris; and you would not condemn your child to misery?" she said with pleading eyes.

"I had hoped, Mary," he said severely, unmoved by her look, "that, during the last fortnight, you had made up your mind to obey me; but I find that my persuasions, nay, my entreaties are disregarded. This shall be so no longer. Captain Harris has my pledged word that you shall be his, and you know I never break my word. So prepare to receive him as your husband."

For a moment Mary was completely stupified. She had seen her father thus stern to others, but never before to herself; and she lost all power of reply. But when he turned to leave the room, the consciousness of the dreadful doom to which he was sentencing her roused her from bewilderment, and grasping his coat, she sank on her knees at his feet.

"Oh! dear, dear father," she exclaimed, "recall those harsh words and look on me in love. Do not condemn me to perpetual misery. I will never marry any one without your consent; but I would sooner die than give myself to this man."

Her father's features worked, but he turned his head away and was resolutely silent.

"Remember my mother," exclaimed the poor girl in despair, "she looks down from heaven at us now—"

There was a second of fearful anguish in that father's face, the muscles quivering as if two natures, like the good and evil ones who fight for the souls of men in the legend, were struggling for the mastery: and then, as if unable longer to remain and listen to such pleadings, he tore himself loose from his child's grasp, and exclaiming,

"It is said—to-morrow night you shall be his," left the room abruptly.

Mary heard in those words her doom. She uttered a groan of piercing agony, and fell prostrate and senseless on the floor where he had left her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sacred Poetry.

FROM THE OPAL, FOR 1845.

LINES TO A YOUNG POETESS.

BY THE REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE.
(Pastor of the Third Dutch Reform Church, Philada.)

Are there not moments when thy heart is burning,
Sweet lady, thy young happy heart,
With strange mysterious sympathies—a yearning
To walk, from ruder scenes apart,
Alone with holy Nature, from her learning
Wild numbers, and with gentle art
To echo back her voice?
Hast thou not felt its secret chords all trembling,
Like the Eolian strings to the glad breeze,
And murmuring music, fitfully resembling
Their rich, unearthly symphonies?
Oh well mayst thou rejoice!
For by that conscious token,
God, to thy heart hath spoken.

'Tis He that taught the lark, from earth upspringing,
To warble forth his matin strain,
And the pure stream, in liquid gushes singing,
Gladly to bless the thirsty plain,
And from the laden bee, when homeward winging,
Its tuneful flight, doth not disdain
To hear the song of praise.
There's not a voice in Nature, but is telling,
(If we will hear that voice aright,)
How much, when human hearts with love are swelling,
His blessed bosom hath delight
In our rejoicing lays.
His love, that never slumbers,
Taught thee those tuneful numbers.

There are cold hearts will bid thee check the gladness
Of thy young spirit in the flow,
Of joyous poesy, and say that sadness
Suits better with our world of woe—
That minstrelsy oft ends in mourning madness,
Which thou too late may'st know—
Oh lady heed them not!
This world, 'tis true, hath many a shade of sorrow,
Yet we have gleams of bliss, the light
Of the eternal dawn; then let us borrow
Its holy hope to keep our spirits bright,
Here is our darker lot
The angels sing in Heaven,
And song to thee is given.

Hath not God strewn our weary way with flowers,
And clothed, with robes, of many a hue;
The fragrant meadows, and the woodland bowers,
Feeding their beauty with his dew,
Making them glad with sunshine and with showers!
Is it not written that He knew
Himself a joy divine
Amidst young Eden's holy trees, when, walking
There, His children sought his love?
And the pure spirit still may hear him talking
Such words as drew rapt Enoch's soul above
So ask him to draw thine:
Seek Him, for He is near thee,
Sing to Him, He will hear thee.

Live thou with God in nature; never falter
In thy communings with Him. Be
Like those blest birds we read of in the Psalter,
Who found a home from peril free
In God's own house, and nestled near His altar,
Making it ring with melody.
That temple stands no more
But Nature standeth still; God's holy presence
Abideth with us, and the offering
Of thankful joy to Him whose perfect essence
Is perfect love, our glowing lips may bring,
Till this brief life is o'er,
And in a brighter, better,
Our spirits know no fetter.

From the Magazines.

FROM PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, FOR OCT.

FAITH, HOPE AND ENERGY.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

Despair thou not! Droop not thy wing,
However dark thy fortunes are:
Beyond the desert is a spring,
Behind the cloud a star!

The time must come for all to fail,
Tie after tie breaks fast apart;
The oil consumes, the lights grow pale,
The ice forms round the heart.

Yet then despair thou not! but keep
A steadfast soul! on thee shall stream
The light which God hath given in sleep,
The teachings of a dream.

There Death and Health appeared to me
To struggle for a noble form,
Too young, too beautiful to be
The birthright of the worm.

But Death was winning. On the arched,
High brow great agony was shown;
And from the pale lips, fever-parched,
Broke the half-stifled moan.

When lo, two beings toward him trod,
Whose look told innocence of sin:
With woman forms—those forms which God
Hides angel spirits in.

They laved the fever from his brow;
They chafed the numbed limb free from pain,
Till Health beheld her roseate flow
Exulting in each vein.

And till the Eternal portals ope,
That dream shall never fade from me;
Those angel sisters, Faith and Hope,
Nursing young Energy!

FROM PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR OCT.

THE EMPIRE OF FASHION.

Its Origin and Government.

Res est preterea, et immensi operis, ut quæ supra septingentesimum annum repetatur, et quæ, ab exiguis profecta initiis, eo creverit, ut jam magnitudine laboret sua.—Livii Hist Præf.

It is generally taken for granted that fashion is purely of aristocratic origin, because those who bow most submissively to its commands seem to cherish a strong prejudice against the homely doctrines of equality, plainness and simplicity which characterize popular taste and opinions. It is observed too that the most devout worshippers of fashion are found among the fair sex, and that class of the *genus humanum* who, without being owned by either sex, form an intermediate race between both, we mean, of course, those *petits maitres*, fops or exquisites, in vulgar parlance yclept dandies. It is urged, too, that the *sex* are naturally and constitutionally aristocratic, and that the despotic and capricious code of fashion naturally springs from this source. This theory, plausible as we admit it to be, will not stand the test of examination, which demonstrates that all the most beautiful flowers which adorn the person or grace the brow of the goddess of fashion have been secretly stolen, not from the royal garden of the daughters of Hesperus, but from the wild though fertile and verdant meads of the common people—in fact, that the fashionable cloaks, bonnets, shoes, music, dances, &c., &c., are all derived from that inexhaustable fountain of genius and taste, the peasantry, the humble classes, the populace of the world.

Little do the adorers of the inimitable Ellsler dream, whilst captivated by the soul-stirring movements of the darling Cracovienne, or ravished with the voluptuous beauties of the Cachucha or Jales de Heres, that though much is due to the skill of that charming *artiste*, infinitely more is due to the taste and enthusiasm of the inventor, some unknown peasant in the mountains of Lithuania or the Sierra Morena, who was content that the fruits of his genius should be enjoyed in his highland home, but which the votaries of fashion would not permit thus to perish in obscurity. Neither did we reflect whilst under the enchanting spell of the violin of Paganini or Ole Bull, that the strains whose sweet magic no heart could resist, were the offspring of the genius of some obscure minstrel wandering with harp or pipes among the romantic vallies of Glen Swilly, Midlothian or Berchtolsgaden. So in respect to dress; who would have thought that the patterns for the bewitching little *cloaks* and hoods which gave so irresistible a charm some months ago to the fashionable belles of both hemispheres, and which were brought out under the especial sanction of the *haut ton* were stolen from the lowly cottage of a poor Irish peasant girl—whose natural grace and beauty shone through her coarse *mantle* with lustre that the greatest princess might envy. Who ever dreamed that she, the humble and obscure Connaught girl, had set the fashion to half the world, the Duchess of Grosvenor Square, the Princess of the Tuilleries, and the not less beautiful sovereigns who give splendor to the assemblies at Saratoga, Newport or the White House? The gentlemen, too, are indebted to a similar source for the new and fashionable shoe divided at the instep, which (except the lace instead of the leather whang,) comes directly from the Irish laborer, as their tweed summer coats do from the flannel walliacoats of the Lionaghmen of Cloghaneely or the poteen smugglers who ply their lawless art among the mountain fastnesses of Munterloney or Innishowen.

The world of fashion is under the control of a regularly organized despotic government. The imperial residence is generally at Paris. There are distinct bureaus or departments of foreign affairs—domestic affairs—music, including the important department of the opera—of dress, including the surveillance of all the various changes in that capital province. The offices of these various departments are stationed in the shops of the mighty milliners, mantuamakers and tailors of the Palais Royale and Bond street, or the green-rooms of the great opera houses of London and Paris. From these head quarters are despatched corps of observation through the various countries to collect from among the peasantry the most graceful and picturesque dresses, the most delightful and exciting dances, and music the most plaintive and most spirit-stirring. These monthly expeditions return to head quarters laden with the spoils of Europe and Asia. From the cold plains of Russia and the barren hills of Norway are imported numerous patterns of furred cloaks, coats, &c., for the winter dresses of the Parisians—the sunny valleys of Italy and Greece oft supply the summer fashions, whilst contributions are levied on the highlands of Scotland, Wales and Ireland from the graceful and picturesque costumes peculiar to those regions. The fashionable dances, too, are of popular origin. Hence came the Mazurka, Gallopade, Waltz and Polka. So of the current music of the piano, guitar and harp. The music of Moore's melodies is derived from the wild, plaintive and soul-inspiring strains of the simple peasants of Tipperary or Donegal. The spirit and essence of the inimitable lyrics of Burns had long before his time delighted the dwellers on the Banks of the Clyde, whilst some whistling plough-boy made the woods resound with his impromptu strains, which hundreds of years after, when "married to immortal verse," transported with passion the brilliant saloons of Edinburg, London and Dublin. The romantic inhabitants of the high Alps, too, supply costumes, music, poetry and dance to the government of fashion, and even the *robbers* of the mountain regions have been *robbed* in order to afford amusement to the frequenters of the Opera Italien and the admirers of Fra Diavolo.

The emissaries of the government of fashion having made their monthly returns at head quarters, are again successively despatched on similar expeditions. They scour the inhospitable wilds of Siberia, the enchanting vales of Persia and the Jud—they climb the highest ridges of the Caucasus, the Himalayas and the Andes. The desert sands of Africa, the interminable plains of Tartary and Arabia, and the forbidden regions of China have no terrors for the zealous pioneers of fashion. Enthusiastically bent on their great vocation, danger and opposition but increase their perseverance. It is recorded that one of these loyal emissaries was once arrested in the midst of a wandering tribe of Tartars on suspicion of being a spy. He had been observed examining or searching the garment of a Kahn who had thrown it off before going to sleep in his tent. When brought before the stern tribunal of the tribe, the testimony was strong to show that he was searching for some official papers which the Persian monarch had lately despatched with an interpreter to the Kahn on state affairs. He was unable to make a satisfactory defence and demonstrate the innocence of his conduct, and that "the head and front of his offending had this extent, no more," to sketch the form, figure and dimensions of the Tartar costume, in order to be transmitted to the power to which he belonged, viz: the Imperial government of fashion at Paris. This unenlightened tribunal knew of no such government, and the unhappy Parisian in vain endeavored to explain the nature of its constitution and the power and abilities of its rulers. He was condemned to death as a spy. Before his execution, he collected together all the sketches of costume which he had accumulated with sedulous labor over half the kingdoms of Asia—translations of love and war songs of the fierce mountain tribes, taken from their wandering ballad-singers, and first set to music by him—descriptions of their wild or wanton plays and dances, with the accompanying music, all on paper, &c., &c. These he carefully enveloped in distinct parcels directed respectively to his employers in the Palais Royale and the Opera Italien. He died faithful to his trust. His last request (little heeded by the unfashionable Tartars) was that the packet should be transmitted by the first caravan bound for Ispahan, there to be delivered to the French Minister, thence to be forwarded by express to Paris. Having performed this last act of patriotic devotion, he quietly submitted to execution with a calm and secret consciousness of having died in the performance of a great public duty, and consoled with the reflection of having the high honor of becoming a martyr in the glorious cause of fashion.

No wonder that a government possessing such devoted officers and such loyal and obedient subjects should exercise so powerful and universal a sway over the nations of the earth—that crowned heads should bow to and obey its least behest—that not merely the weak and idle should be overcome by its strength, but that princes and nobles, presidents and secretaries, judges, chancellors, masters of the rolls, fierce members of Congress, learned justices of the peace, fat aldermen and grave prothonotaries, should yield implicit obedience to its orders, however fluctuating and capricious. Oh! Fashion, thine is the only human government that is indeed irresistible—thou alone with despotic sway can'st rule the sweet caprice of lovely woman's ever changing tastes—no heroes can compare with those immortalized in thy annals—thy Nashes, thy Brummels and thy D'Orsays! Thou thyself

"Sit'st empress, crowning good, repressing ill,
Smit by thy frown
The fiend *Discretion* like a vapor shrinks,
And e'en the dazzling crown
Hides her faint rays, and at thy bidding sinks."

From the Annals.

FROM THE GIFT, FOR 1845.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Oh, hemlock tree! oh, hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in Summer time,
But in the Winter's frost and rime!
Oh, hemlock tree! oh, hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

Oh, maiden fair! oh, maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity.
Oh, maiden fair! oh, maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!
So long as Summer laughs, she sings,
But in the Winter spreads her wings.
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!
It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!

FROM THE GIFT, FOR 1845.

THE POWER OF AN "INJURED LOOK."

BY N. P. WILLIS.

CHAPTER I.

I had a sort of a candle-light acquaintance with Mr. Philip McRueit, when we were in college. I mean to say that I had a daylight repugnance to him, and never walked with him, or talked with him, or rode with him, or sat with him: and, indeed, seldom saw him—except as one of a club oyster-party of six. He was a short, sharp, satirical man, (nicknamed "*my cruet*," by his cronies—rather descriptively!) but as plausible and as vindictive as Mephistopheles, before and after the ruin of a soul. In some other state of existence I had probably known, and suffered by Phil. McRueit—for I knew him like the sleeve of an old coat, the first day I laid eyes on him; though other people seemed to have no such instinct. Oh, we were not new acquaintances—from whatever star he had been transported, for his sins, to this planet of dirt. I think he was of the same opinion, himself. He chose between open warfare and conciliation in the first five minutes—after seeing me as a stranger—chose the latter.

Six or seven years after leaving college, I was following my candle up to bed rather musingly, one night at the Astor, and on turning a corner, I was obliged to walk round a short gentleman, who stood at the head of the stairs in an attitude of fixed contemplation. As I weathered the top of his hat rather closely, I caught the direction of his eye, and saw that he was regarding, very fixedly, a pair of rather dusty kid slippers, which had been set outside the door, probably for cleaning, by the occupant of the chamber opposite. As the gentleman did not move, I turned on the half landing of the next flight of stairs, and looked back, breaking on, by my sudden pause, upon his fit of abstraction. It was McRueit, and on recognising me, he immediately beckoned me to his side.

"Does it strike you," said he, "that there is any thing peculiar in that pair of shoes?"

"No—except that they certify to two very small feet on the other side of the door."

"Not merely 'small,' my dear fellow! Do you see where the *pressure* has been in those slender shoes, how straight the inside line, how arched the instep, how confidingly flat the pressure downward of the little great toe! It's a woman of sweet and relying character who wore that shoe to day, and I must know her! More, sir, I must marry her! Ah, you laugh—but I *will!* There's a magnetism in that pair of shoes, addressed to me only. Beg your pardon—good night—I'll go down stairs, and find out her name by her number—'74!' I'll be well acquainted with '74' by this time to-morrow!"

For the unconscious young lady asleep in that room, I lay awake half the night, troubled with foreboding pity. I knew the man so well, I was so certain that he would leave nothing possible undone to carry out this whimsical purpose! I knew that from that moment was levelled, point blank, at the lady, whoever she might be, (if single) a battery of devilish and pertinacious ingenuity, which would carry most any small fort of a heart, most any way barricaded and defended. He was well off; he was well looking enough; he was deep and crafty. But if he *did* win her, she was gone! gone, I knew from happiness, like a stone from a sling. He was a tyrant—subtle in his cruelties to all people dependent on him—and her life would be one of refined torture, neglect, betrayal, and tears.

A fit of intermittent disgust for strangers, to which all persons living in hotels are more or less liable, confined my travels, for some days after this rencontre, to the silence-and-slop thoroughfare of the back stairs. "Coming to my food" of society one rainy morning, I went into the drawing room after breakfast, and was not surprised to see McRueit in a posture of absorbed attention beside a lady. His stick stood on the floor, and with his left cheek rested on the gold head, he was gazing into her face, and evidently keeping her perfectly at her ease, as to the wants and gaps of conversation, as he knew how to do—for he was the readiest man with his bricks and mortar, whom I had ever encountered.

"Who is that lady?" I asked, of an omniacquainted old bachelor friend of mine.

"Miss Jonthee Twitt—and what can be the secret of that rather exclusive gentleman's attention to her, I cannot fancy."

I pulled a newspaper from my pocket, and seating myself at one of the deep windows, commenced rather a compassionate study of Miss Twitt—intending fully, if I should find her interesting, to save her from the clutches of my detestable classmate.

She was a slight, hollow-chested, consumptive looking girl, with a class of features that any casual observer would be certain to describe as "interesting." With the first two minutes gaze upon her my sympathies were active enough for a crusade against a whole army of connubial tyrants. I suddenly paused, however. Something McRueit said made a change in the lady's countenance. She sat just as still; she did not move her head from her negligent posture; her eye-brows did not contract; her lips did not stir; but the dull, sickly colored lids descended calmly and fixedly, till they hid from sight the upper edges of the pupils! and by this slight, but infallible sign, I knew—but the story will tell what I knew. Napoleon was nearly, but not quite right, when he said there was no reliance to be placed on peculiarities of face or expression.

CHAPTER II.

In August of that same year, I followed the world to Saratoga. In my first reconnoitre of the drawing room of Congress Hall, I caught the eye of Mr. McRueit, and received from him a cordial salutation. As I put my head right, upon its pivot, after an easy nod to my familiar aversion—my eyes fell upon Miss Jonthee Twitt—*that was*—for I had seen in the newspapers of two months before, that the resolve, (born of the dusty slipper outside her door,) had been brought about, and she was now on the irrevocable side of a honey moon sixty days old.

Her eyelid was down upon the pupil—motionless, concentrated, and vigilant as a couched panther—and from beneath the hem of her dress curved out the high arched footstep of a foot pointed with desperate tension to the carpet; the little great toe (whose relying pressure on the soiled slipper Mr. McRueit had been captivated by,) now rigid with as strong a purpose, as spiritual homœopathy could concentrate in so small a tenement. I thought I would make Mr. and Mrs. McRueit the subject of quiet study while I remained at Saratoga.

But I have not mentioned the immediate cause of Mrs. McRueit's resentment. Her bridegroom was walking up and down the room with a certain Mrs. Wanmaker, a widow, who was a better woman than she looked to be, as I chanced to know, but as nobody could know, without the intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Wanmaker, upon which I base this remark. With beauty of the most voluptuous cast, and a passion for admiration, which induced her to throw out every possible lure to men any worth her time as victims, Mrs. Wanmaker's blood was as "cold as the flow of leer," and her propriety, in fact, wholly impregnable. I had been myself "tried on," by the Widow Wanmaker, and twenty caravan marches might have been made across the Desert of Sahara, while the conviction I have just stated was "getting through my hair." It was not wonderful, therefore, that both the bride and her (usually) most penetracious bridegroom had sailed over the widow's shallows, unconscious of soundings. She was a "deep" woman, too—but not in the love line.

I thought McRueit singularly off his guard, if it were only for "appearances." He monopolized the widow effectually, and she thought it worth her while to let the world think him (a bridegroom and a rising young politician,) mad for her, and truth to say, they carried on the war strenuously. Perfectly certain as I was that "the whirligig of time" would bring about the revenges of Mrs. McRueit, I began to feel a meantime pity for her, and had myself presented duly by McRueit, the next morning after breakfast.

It was a tepid, flaccid, reverie-colored August morning, and the sole thought of the universe seemed to be to sit down. The devotees to gaiety and mineral water dawdled out to the porticoes, and some sat on chairs under the trees, and the dandies on the steps and the settees, and here and there, a man on the balustrade, and, in the large swing, *vis-a-vis*, sat McRueit and the Widow Wanmaker, chatting in an undertone, quite inaudible. Mrs. McRueit sat on a bench, with her back against one of the high-shouldered pine trees in the court yard, and I had called McRueit out of the swing to present me. But he returned immediately to the widow.

I thought it would be alleviative and goodnatured to give Mrs. McRueit an insight to the harmlessness of Mrs. Wanmaker, and I had done so very nearly to my satisfaction, when I discovered that the slighted wife did not care sixpence about the *fact*, and that, unlike Hamlet, she only knew *seems*. The more I developed the innocent object of the widow's outlay of smiles and confidentialities, the more Mrs. McRueit placed herself in a position to be remarked by the loungers in the courtyard and the dawdlers on the portico, and the more she deepened a certain look—you must imagine it for the present, dear reader. It would take a razor's edge of analysis, and a Flemish paint-pot and patience to carve that *injured look* into language, or paint it truthfully to the eye! Juries would hang husbands, and recording angels "ruthlessly overcharge" upon the unsupported evidence of such a look. She looked as if her heart must have suffocated with forbearance long before she began to look so. She looked as if she had forgiven and wept, and was ready to forgive and weep again. She looked as if she would give her life if she could conceal "her feelings," and as if she was nerving soul, and heart, and eye-lids, and lachrymatory glands—all to agony—to prevent bursting into tears with her unutterable anguish! It was the most unresisting, unresentful, patient, sweet miserableness! A lamb's willingness to "furnish forth another meal" of chops and sweet bread, was testy to such meek endurance! She was evidently a martyr, a victim, a crushed flower, a "poor thing!" But she *did*, now and then,—unseen by any body but me—give a glance from that truncated orb of a pupil of hers, over the top of her handkerchief, that, if incarnated, would have made a hole in the hide of a rhinoceros! It was triumph, venom, implacability,—such as I had never before seen expressed in human glances.

There are many persons with but one idea, and that a good one. Mrs. McRueit, I presume, was incapable of appreciating my interest in her. At any rate she played the same game with other people, and managed her affairs altogether with perfect unity. It was in vain that I endeavored to hear from her tongue what I read in that lowering pupil of her eye. She spoke of McRueit with evident reluctance, but always with discretion—never blaming him, nor leaving any opening that should betray resentment or turn the current of sympathy from herself. The result was immediate. The women in the house began to look black upon McRueit. The men "sent him to Coventry" more unwillingly, for he was amusing and popular—but "to Coventry" he went! And at last the Widow Wanmaker became aware that she was wasting her time on a man whose attentions were not wanted elsewhere—and she (the unkindest cut of all) found reasons for looking another way when he approached her. He had become aware, during this process, what was "in the wind," but he knew too much to stay in the public eye when it was inflamed. With his brows lowering, and his face gloomy with feelings I could easily interpret, he took the early coach on the third morning after my introduction to Mrs. McRueit, and departed, probably for a discipline trip, to some place where sympathy for his wife would be less dangerous.

CHAPTER III.

I think that, within the next two or three years, I heard McRueit's name mentioned several times, or saw it in the papers, connected with strong political movements. I had no very definite idea of where he was residing, however. Business called me to a western county, and on the road I fell into the company of a great political schemer and partisan—one of those joints, (of the feline political body) the next remove from the "cat's paw." Finding that I cared not a straw for politics, and that we were going to the same town, he undertook the blandishment of an overflow of confidence upon me, probably with the remote possibility that he might have occasion to use me. I gave in to it so far as courteously to receive his secrets, and we arrived at our destination excellent friends.

The town was in a ferment with the coming election of a member for the Legislature, and the hotel being very crowded, Mr. Develin, (my fellow traveller) and myself were put into a double-bedded room. Busy with my own affairs, I saw but little of him, and he seemed quite too much occupied for conversation, till the third night after our arrival. Lying in bed with the moonlight streaming into the room, he began to give me some account of the campaign, preparing for, around us, and presently mentioned the name of McRueit,—(the name, by the way, that I had seen upon the placards, without caring particularly to enquire whether or not it was "mine ancient" aversion.)

"They are not aware," said Mr. Develin, after talking on the subject awhile, "that this petty election is, in fact, the grain of sand that is to turn the Presidential scale. If McRueit should be elected, (as I am sorry to say there seems every chance he will be,) Van Buren's doom is sealed. I have come a little too late here. I should have had time to know something more of this man McRueit."

"Perhaps I can give you some idea of him," interrupted I, "for he has chanced to be more in my way than I would have bargained for. But what do you wish to know, particularly?" (I spoke, as the reader will see, in the unsuspecting innocence of my heart.)

"Oh—any thing—any thing! Tell me all you know of him!"

Mr. Develin's vividness rather surprised me, for he had raised himself on his elbow in bed, but I went on and narrated very much what I have put down for the reader, in the two preceding chapters.

"How do you spell Mrs. Wanmaker's name?" asked my embedded *vis-a-vis*, as I stopped and turned over to go to sleep.

I spelt it for him.

He jumped out of bed, dressed himself, and left the room. Will the reader permit me to follow him, like Asmodeus, giving with Asmodean brevity the knowledge I afterwards gained of his use of my involuntary revelation.

Mr. Develin roused the active member of the Van Buren Committee from his slumbers, and in an hour had the printers of their party paper at work upon a placard. A large meeting was to be held the next day, in the town hall, during which both candidates, it was supposed, would address the people. Ladies were to occupy the galleries. The hour came round. Mrs. McRueit's carriage drove into the village a few minutes before eleven, and as she stopped at a shop for a moment, a letter was handed her by a boy. She sat still and read it. She was alone. Her face turned livid with paleness after its first flush, and forgetting her errand at the shop, she drove on to the town hall. She took her seat in a prominent part of the gallery. The preliminaries were gone through with, and her husband rose to speak. He was a plausible orator, an eloquent man. But there was a sentiment circulating in the audience—something whispered from man to man—that strangely took off the attention of the audience. He could not, as he had never before found any difficulty in doing, keep their eyes upon his lips. *Every one was gazing on his wife!* And there she sat—with her injured look!—pale, and apparently striving to listen, and conceal her mental suffering. It was as convincing to the audience of the truth of the insinuation that was passing from mouth to mouth—as convincing as would have been a revelation from heaven. McRueit followed the many upturned eyes at last, and saw that they were bent on his wife, and that—*once more*—after years of concilation, she wore that injured look! His heart failed him. He evidently comprehended that the spirit that had driven him from Saratoga, years before—*popular sympathy with women*—had overtaken him and was plotting against him once more. His speech began to lose its concentration. He talked wide. The increasing noise overpowered him, and he descended at last from the platform, in the midst of a universal hiss. The other candidate rose and spoke; and at the close of his speech the meeting broke up, and as they dispersed, their eyes were met at every corner with a large placard, in which, "injured wife," "unfaithful husband," "Widow W—n—k—r," were the words in prominent capitals. The election came on the next day, and Mr. McRueit being signally defeated, Mr. Van Buren's election to the Presidency, (if Mr. Develin knew any thing) was made certain—brought about by a woman's injured look!

My business in the county was the purchase of land—and for a year or two afterwards, I was a great deal there. Feeling that I had unintentionally furnished a weapon to his enemies, I did penance by cultivating McRueit. I went often to his house. He was at first a good deal broken up by the sudden check to his ambition, but he rallied with a change in his character for which I was not prepared. He gave up all antagonism towards his wife. He assumed a new manner to her. She had been skilfully *managed* before, but he took her now confidingly behind his shield. He felt overmastered by the key she had to popular sympathy, and he determined wisely to make it turn in his favor. By assiduity, by tenderness, childlikeness, he succeeded in completely convincing her that he had but one out-of-doors wish—that of embellishing her existence by his success. The effect on her was marvellous. She recovered her health, gradually changed to a joyous and earnest promoter of her husband's interests, and they were soon a marked model in the county, for conjugal devotion. The popular impression soon gained ground that Mr. McRueit had been shamefully wronged by the previous prejudice against his character as a husband. The tide that had already turned soon swelled to flood, and Mr. McRueit *now*—but Mr. McRueit is too powerful a person in the present government to follow any farther. Suffice it to say that he might return to Mrs. Wanmaker, and his old courses if he liked—for his wife's injured look is entirely *fattened out of possibility* by her happiness. She weighs two hundred, and could no more look injured than Sir John Falstaff.

THE HUGUENOTS.

As the entire population of the American colonies amounted only to about 200,000 souls in 1701, more than forty years after the commencement of the Huguenot emigrations, a large proportion of that number must have been French Protestants, and Huguenot blood accordingly must be extensively diffused among the citizens of the United States at the present day. So large an accession of people, whose very existence in America proved the consistency of their religious character, and who were generally distinguished by simple and sincere piety, must have been a great blessing to the land of their adoption, especially to the southern States, where it was most required. Their coming to America, on the other hand, has been blessed, under God, to them and their descendants. Many of the first families in New York, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas, as well as other States, are to be found among the latter, as may be seen in many cases from their names, although these have often been lost through intermarriages, or can with difficulty be recognized, owing to their being spelt as they are pronounced by Anglo-Americans. Some of the most eminent persons that have ever adorned the United States were of Huguenot descent. Such were no fewer than three out of the seven Presidents of Congress, and in a sense of the whole nation, during the war of the Revolution, namely, John Jay, Henry Laurens, and Elias Boudinot,—all excellent men. "No man in America," says Dr. Hawks, in his History of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, "need blush to own himself one of their descendants; for observation has more than once been made, and it is believed to be true, that among their descendants the instances have been rare indeed, of individuals who have been arraigned for crime before the courts of the country."

The Salem Observer mentions it as a fact that the Chinese are as fond of sage, as a beverage, as we are of their best teas, and would readily exchange two chests for one. Would'nt it be a good joke if the Yankees should turn this to account, and engage in the culture of sage for the celestials!

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 5, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Wm. J. Smith, late of Germantown, Hyde county, North Carolina, who is in arrears for this paper.

Of Jno. B. Smith, late of the same place, and do. do.

Of C. Flower, late of Phelps, Ontario county, New York, do.

Of F. J. King, late of Stout's, Mason county, Ohio, do.

Of Jesse H. Foster, late of Libertyville, Illinois, do.

Of Michael Groff, late of New Providence, Pa., do.

Of Isaac E. Handley, late of Twelve Pole, Virginia, do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

⁂ Our Menagerie, laid over for one week will be resumed in the next paper.

⁂ Several poetic and other favors, from esteemed correspondents are on hand, and awaiting insertion. If the paper were twice as large, we could hardly keep pace with what no doubt seem to our correspondents their reasonable expectations. It is not reasonable, however, to expect improbabilities.

⁂ Frederick writes a fair hand, but it is not the fair thing to offer us an article as original, which—we wrote ourself, years ago! We are bound under the circumstances to acknowledge the merits of the communication, but prefer not to publish it as Frederick's.

⁂ We are not sufficiently *au fait* to the matter of which "Query" speaks to decide his bet for him—and if we were, we'll bet a sixpence that we would not do it under the shilling annoyance of having to pay his postage for him.

⁂ James must, civilly as he can, tell Lucy she is a fool—a pretty fool if that will soften it any. If she don't believe it, let her go James, for an incredulous as well as faithless fair one. No doubt you are too good for her, but we can't publish your verses.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

There is one great advantage which this country possesses by its position of which we do not think our citizens are fully enough aware, and which they do not sufficiently appreciate. We allude to our geographical independence; if we may use such a phrase—our freedom by position, from troublesome neighbors, and our ability to manage our own affairs in our own way, without any intermeddling, worth speaking of, by other nations. Our plain and ample system of diplomacy, permitting no interference with the internal affairs of other nations, suffers no interference by foreign nations with our own. The only well established case in which such a thing has been attempted was in the early history of the country; and was most signally put down, at a time, too, when the current of popular sympathy ran strongly in favor of the interfering power.

Imagine France, as in one case, periodically electing a chief magistrate, with more power than Louis Philippe ever had, or ever will. In her country the agents of every other great European nation would be busily at work—these supporting the present dynasty—those the opposition, and perhaps, indeed, every court in Europe having its avowed preference for one man or another. Suppose that as an argument it were introduced into our political canvassings: "By such a choice we shall secure the friendship and alliance of Russia," or by electing such a man "we shall have the countenance of England," of Austria, or of Prussia! Suppose such arguments addressed to our voters—how would they be received!

Yet, were our country placed in the midst of other nations, and engaged in the continual squabble to preserve "the balance of power"—such a state of things could not be avoided. Indeed we are not merely supposing a case in these remarks. We are recording one. The election of one of their number to the Roman Pontifical Chair, by the college of cardinals, always calls all the diplomatic manœuvres and tricks of the European courts into exercise. Though every precaution possible is taken to guard the election against any such influences, yet all the ingenuity of man is not sufficient to prevent them from having some weight; and they are successful, so far as this at least,—that no cardinal of known or suspected political preference for one European power over another can be elected to the Papal chair.

In this particular case, it may be said that the influence of the other courts works for good rather than for evil, in countervailing each other. But in an open political canvass and election the case would be different. Some one or other of the favorites of the several other powers would be elected—or else, like Napoleon, an enemy to them all. In either case, it is not difficult to see that the United States could not have kept out of wars—long, bloody, and harrassing, any more than France was able to do.

And beside this advantage of freedom in our strictly domestic matters, we are relieved from all necessity to watch or to keep the "balance of power." We can, politically speaking, look on, while all Europe is engaged in war, diplomatic or actual, and

——— care not a toss-up,
Whether Mossop kick Barry, or Barry kick Mossop.

Whether France or England gets Barbary is no matter to us—for sure we are, that by the wise provisions of our government, we are shut out from all such dangerous advantages as foreign conquests, or foreign colonies. We are bound by no diplomatic or political relations to interfere between contending nations. Our hands have been wisely tied, in that respect, and if other nations and people choose war, we have only to maintain peace. If their industry is paralysed, ours is encouraged—and if our institutions are not warlike, we have the very best guards and defences against aggression—love of country, and a desire to defend, and perpetuate the solid advantages which peace confers. We war only to keep peace, and shall thus prove invincible.

So much for the nation—now for ourselves. The reader will observe by reference to our outside pages that, beside the original novel, and original poetry, he is there presented with selections of high merit from the Magazines, American and English, and the American Annuals for 1845. In quiet humor and close observation of conventional and artificial life, Mr. Willis's "Power of an Injured Look," is capital, and its catastrophe, based on matters rather *a propos* to the season, is amusing. We can imagine the discomfited Mr. McRoen descending from the rostrum, amid that shower of hisses, as many another unlucky dog has been compelled to do.

The paper on Fashion is a capital thing in its way, and conveys some curious matters of information, which will interest all readers. The poem by Tom Hood, is a terrific curiosity, and in elaborate detail of description of a deserted house, was never surpassed; and the other articles upon the last page will be found of variety sufficient to satisfy the most capricious taste with something.

It will be also noted that we have extracted from the "Opal," two articles by Rev. Dr. Bethune and Rev. T. M. Clarke, of this city. If names are a guarantee for a readable newspaper, the Post has this week an array inferior to none ever offered in one number of any periodical. Our Foreign Correspondence will be found interesting—the visit to the Giant's Causeway presenting that freak of nature like a picture; and the general letter embracing many interesting details.

PERIPATETIC PROSINGS.
NUMBER TWO.
"Inquire Within."

There is a deal more to be learned in this world than can be gathered from an outside look. There are painted sepulchres now, as of yore, fair outside, but within full of uncleanness; and there are objects of as repulsive outward seeming as ever drove a cat away from a puddle, which, their shell once cracked, will well reward the patient seeker. The only way to find "the rights of a matter" is to follow the directions of our friend in ——— street, who advertises the passer by, that he has "Apartments to Let," and puts you in the way of finding them out, by the comprehensive direction "Inquire Within!"

Handsome dog that man with such a splendidly setting coat! No wrinkle, no blemish, no crease, no furrow! Sure he is another Adonis—the very "mould of fashion!" Inquire within, and you find that a portion of that well developed muscle has ornamented a sheep's back, and that of the coarsest,—or it may have bolled as "short staple" in a Georgia cotton field. While you "inquire within" for padding you will probably also find "pockets to let," empty and ungarnished except with an overdue tailor's bill. You need not inquire for the coat builder's receipt, for that is not upon the premises.

But here comes a subject for admiration indeed. His head realises the poet's description—

"The dome of thought—the palace of the soul!"

Here, surely we may "inquire within," to some purpose. Under that lofty brow what intellectual cogitations are busy! What mighty thoughts by mental attrition are striking out scintillations, sure, some day to set the moral world on fire, and burning out the dross leave it all pure, and worth one's while to live in. See! an anxious shade crosses that fine face—he looks at his watch! What universal philanthropy depends upon *his* well applied moments—what destinies of millions on his anxious thoughts! Let us borrow the knuckles of Asmodeus, knock, and "inquire within." "*There*" he's thinking "*I'm late to dinner! I'll bet a dollar there's no anchovies to the boiled fish again, and that the beef will be overdone!*"

And here comes another. He has

"An eye like Jove to threaten and command."

There is no mistaking him for anything but a politician. He carries the whole affairs of the nation on his shoulders, and yet walks erect and confident, proud of his trust and able to fulfil it. He falters not—not he. If the autocracy of all the Russias were offered him, in addition to his republican responsibilities he would assume them without a murmur, and undertake beside to reconcile the French and British African dispute, and re-arrange the affairs of Mehemet Ali. We said he falters not. We err. Homer sometimes nodded. Our politician stops and thinks. A penny for his thoughts! You may have them for less. "*There's that fellow that's sawing my wood—I forgot to ask him which way he votes—and I know every other man's hand in the ward.*"

Here is one of the lights of the age. He is Author of *and*, and *and*, and *and*—a catalogue as long as the Duke of Wellington's titles; and they do say his Grace has to ask his private secretary, when some of his honorary designations are mentioned—"Cool, does that mean *me*?" Certainly our author's thoughts must be above buttons. They are. He is debating the chances, whether the old book from which he stole his last is indeed the only copy in the world, except that in the Philadelphia Library, and whether it is not possible to rob the Library, literally as he has done letterally and "make assurance double sure." (Now, Mr. Comp., don't you make that double, doubly, for that is not Shakspeare.)

Goodness Gracious me! We must stop this heresy against the great author, for here comes a little one, a satellite of that *greater light*, a smaller luminary, who dances over his dullness in admiration, like a fire fly over a bog. This is Thingumbob Somebody, Esquire, author of several dedications, to our great author and others, which, like the wind in a bag, will operate as life preservers to his inanities, till dedicator and dedicatee and dedicated, bound with a three stranded rope of sand, shall find an end of oyster suppers on trust—a consummation not as far off as the fulfilment of crazy Lee's predictions. Soon will all find oblivion, and

"In the deep bosom of that ocean buried,"

not all the stereotype puffs of interested puffers shall fish them up. Perhaps you would like to know what Thingumbob Somebody, Esquire, is thinking of? Enquire within. He is debating, first, whether two dollars and fifty cents on account, will keep his tailor easy; next, whether a pass to see Miss Fanny O. Ostang will propitiate his landlady over another Saturday, and make good his Sunday's ticket for soup; and lastly whether he shall call his forthcoming story "Julius Ferocious, the Fat Brigand," or "Death's Deldrums, a Romance of the Ensanguined Shirt," or "Six-toed John, a Leg-end of the the Assassin of Bloody Bridge."

Enquire within! If we only could thus enquire, and get honest answers, our notions of matters and things in general would undergo material changes. That pretty young woman, for instance, who looks so happy, would be found smiling for no good she has done, or wishes to do. She is only rejoicing that she was able to make Cousin Kate so jealous and unhappy last evening! And that good housewife, who seems so complacent, is not so much gratified at the good bargain she has made already, as at the thought that she has made an outlay with her husband's approval, which will let him into a few hundreds, before he has done, in spite of himself, as unconsciously as a man walks into a ditch, in the dark. Every body has his or her little triumphs in this world, which are unknown to the million; every body has secret griefs, and every body some thoughts of the heart which will not quite bear the light. It is a true saying that if our thoughts were plainly written on our brows, the best of us would be pulling our hats down over the eyes.

POLITICAL MEETINGS.

The week has been marked by the assembling of political meetings of the three parties, which are unanimously admitted to be among the largest ever held in the city and county. The Native Americans had a great mass meeting on Monday evening, at which Mayor Harper, of New York, and several other gentlemen from that city were present. The Whigs had also a large meeting on Tuesday evening, in Centre Square, as a finale to their Convention. The Democrats have had very full meetings in the districts; and set apart Friday night, of the present week, for a grand mass meeting, and torch-light procession. There is no doubt that they will be out in full numbers. All parties are wide awake for the coming election, on Tuesday next, and it will be most zealously contested. Every body should keep cool, and all parties avoid the display of irritating emblems.

TAKE CARE, STRANGER!

Whenever, from any cause, crowds collect in cities, the right skilful fraternity of *chevaliers d'industrie*, are sure to be on hand, ready to treat pockets for plethora; and to practice abstraction upon the light moveables of such as permit abstraction to take away their wits from their watch. All is fish that comes to their nets—from an ullage cambric or bandanna, to a netted purse, or a dropsical pocket-book. So look out, strangers! If you do not want a good coat spoiled, do not so much as put an old newspaper in the flap-pockets—for the cloth may be cut by the dexterous rogues, and your coat spoiled for what the light man said he put in the poor-box—nothing to nobody.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society takes place on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 16th, 17th, and 18th October instant, at the Rising Sun Village. It will be, as it always is, a fete worthy of the attention, not only of farmers, but of our citizens.

DISEASED POTATOES.

It is hardly necessary to say that diseased potatoes are insalubrious, and many even prove poisonous. Too much caution cannot be exercised in relation to this subject. We see a recent mentioned in the Providence papers, that three men had died in Cumberland, R. I., from eating diseased potatoes. Many cattle and hogs in New England have died from the same cause; and in view of such facts, economy should not tempt any man to the risk of life and health. A very little care is sufficient—for it is as easy to distinguish between a good and a bad potatoe, as between cheese and chalk.

Professor Hitchcock of Massachusetts, has written an article in the Amherst Express, in which he gives it as his opinion that the injury to the potato crop is occasioned by the atmosphere, preventing the ripening of the roots, by affecting the plants; and that the reason that they suffer most in damp grounds, is based, in some way, upon the laws of electricity, as connected with the condition of the earth, and that of the air. And with regard to the supposed poisonous quality of potatoes affected by this malady, he expresses the opinion that there is no peculiar virus in them that need excite a panic. Though the potatoe belongs to a poisonous tribe of plants, cooking renders it harmless. And as there is no danger that man will eat potatoes raw, he need have no fear of eating them, provided he rejects those that are water-soaked.

If we may express *our* opinion, we must say that the man who eats a water-soaked potatoe, under any circumstances, must be very hungry, not over nice, or else peculiar in his taste. We should like him for a messmate, for the "fruit" would be as peaceably divided between us, as Jack Sprat and his wife divided the fat and the lean. It is a simple thing to cook potatoes *right*, but it requires care and attention. Properly dished "murphies" are fit for a King—improperly cooked, a beggar should be commended for turning up his nose at them.

A NEW COMET.

H. L. Smith, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, on the 10th of September, discovered a comet in the constellation of the whale; and publishes his observations in the Cleveland Herald, after observing it with his telescope, for two weeks. In reference to this comet a contemporary says that this is the first instance of the discovery of a telescopic comet in America, prior to its announcement from Europe. It entitles the discoverer, Mr. Smith, to the gold medal of the King of Denmark, provided he has complied with the conditions of the foundation, which are to forward a notice of it by the first packet, to Prof. Schumacher, at Altona, or Francis Bailey, of London, (recently deceased.) The claim for the medal is good for a discoverer of any nation, even if the Comet should have been discovered in Europe while the notice is in transitu. No notice of the Comet has yet been received from Europe.

In reference to this comet, and to the one recently discovered in France, the following memoranda are from the Observatory of the Central High School.

Smith's Comet was seen at the High School Observatory, on the evening of the 30th of September, at thirty-five minutes past eleven. Its right ascension was one hour, nine minutes and forty-two seconds, and its declination South, five degrees, fifty-two minutes and twenty-eight seconds. Its tail, by moonlight, was about three minutes in length. Its densest portion was more like a planetary disc than that of most telescopic comets.

Mauvais' Second Comet was seen, for the last time, on the 15th of September. It will re-appear in the morning twilight in November, and will be more than twice as bright as when first discovered; but it will not be more than six degrees high at sunrise in this latitude. In the southern hemisphere in December it can be easily seen with the naked eye. During August and September several hundred measures of its place were made at the Observatory.

A QUERY.

It is stated in the London papers that the proprietors of the London and Birmingham Railway have lately presented Mr. Richard Creed, their acting secretary, with a splendid piece of plate, in the shape of a candelabrum, two large solid silver dishes, valued at £300, and a purse containing 2,100 guineas! The candelabrum is described as a magnificent work, executed in the highest style of art. This is in reward for his faithful services of fourteen years.

At the first blush this looks very well, indeed—but it may possibly turn out that Mr. Richard Creed has but a ruinous acknowledgment for his fourteen years services. If he has a housefull of splendid plate and furniture already, it is all very well; if he has not such a sumptuously furnished residence—and the fact of faithful, which means *honest service*, leads us to think his house is plain—if he has not a luxuriously furnished house, the candelabrum and two silver dishes have gone to as bad a market as the Vicar of Wakefield's great picture. The big candlestick, with a big name, will be lonely for want of a companion; and the two silver dishes will need supporters, in the shape of other plate. Then will come more *accessories*, never before necessary, or even dreamed of—till the good man and his wife, and his daughters, if he has any, are all upset, by the candelabrum and two silver dishes. The 2,100 guineas will all be needed to furnish the first preparations toward making the plate and candlestick seem as if at home; and the debtor's prison—nay, the criminal dock itself, may in the end lead Mr. Creed to wish that the Proprietors had taken a more sensible way to indicate their approval and friendship.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

The first and most startling item of news is the entire destruction of the Mexican town of Metamoras, on the 4th of August by a hurricane. Only two houses and one church, were, it is said, left standing, and between one and two hundred persons perished in the ruins. Metamoras was situated on the Rio Grande, and at the mouth of that river were settlements which were also entirely submerged by the water, and destroyed. About a hundred persons are ascertained to have perished here, beside those at Metamoras. The survivors were in a wretched condition, living in shanties among the ruins of their former habitations.

Military preparations were busily going forward in Mexico, but whether Santa Ana intends them for the conquest of Texas or of Mexico, we have our doubts. The Senate has had under consideration the law for raising the $4,000,000 for the war on Texas, and contributions were to be levied with no sparing hand on all classes—proprietors of estates in the cities were to pay eight per cent. of their rentals, rural estates $2 on the $1,000 value of their property, lodgers, &c., pay a quarter of a real on every dollar rent they pay, and those who pay more than $25 a month half a real on each dollar.

President Houston had succeeded in suppressing the disorders in Eastern Texas, and had arrested one of the ringleaders—Walter Morman.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.

The Agricultural Society of Cincinnati have authorised a survey to be made of that county. The soil will be examined and analysed, and useful statistics gathered. Messrs. C. Whittlesey and A. Randall have the charge of the undertaking. The report will be looked for with much interest, no doubt, by the farmers of Hamilton county; and will form the basis of many agricultural improvements there. We like this practical application of the principles of science to Agriculture, and trust the example of Cincinnati in this matter, may be widely followed.

A SHOCKING EVENT.

It is related of a toper in South Carolina, that, having concealed his jug in the bushes, his children were induced, by his frequent visits to that particular spot, to go there too. They found the jug, and all—there were four of them, drank till they could not get away. They were found by the father, who succeeded in restoring two of them. A physician was called to the other two, but one died before he arrived! If this is true, it is terrible—if false, as we suspect, the originator of the story deserves to be drowned in the whiskey.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

Our neighbors in the Provinces do not appear to be getting on very harmoniously. Four of the Queen's Counsel, Messrs. Lafontaine, Moran, Baldwin and Small, have thrown up their gowns, in consequence of expressions in a speech of Sir Charles Metcalfe, the Governor General, which they regard as impeaching their loyalty.

The loyalty of the Province is to be put to another test. Having a somewhat intractable or impracticable Parliament, Sir Charles has ventured upon the experiment of dissolving it. He has summoned a new Parliament, to meet at Montreal, on the 12th of November, proximo. This, of course, involves a new election, and the members, fresh from the people, will represent the present state of feeling in the Provinces. Serious apprehensions are entertained that the election in some of the districts at least, will be disturbed by riots, and that when the Parliament does convene, it will be for a stormy session. If we understand the state of matters, it would seem that those who were most loyal during the armed rebellion, are now the most disaffected. They have taken offence at the measures of conciliation pursued, and some of the more bitter are extremely angry that any mercy or forgiveness has been extended to those who were in any way connected with the rebellion.

ELECTIONS.

The primary election was held in Delaware, on Tuesday, and partial results were received before we went to press. The Delaware Republican, gives Kent County as Whig by about 160, and Newcastle Whig by about 92.

Sussex County has given a majority of about 250 for the Democratic party, which gives them a majority of 40 to 50 in the State.

MARYLAND ELECTION.

We have received partial returns from Maryland, by which we learn that the Democrats have a majority of 1,195 for their Governor, in the City of Baltimore. This is an increase on their vote for Mayor, last Fall, of 1,892 votes. The Whig vote has also increased 395. The Democratic majority in the City and County is said to 1,913, but we had not full returns, at the time this went to press.

Reported returns from Baltimore City and County, and Frederick, Anne Arundel, Harford, Carroll, Kent, Prince George's and Cecil, give the Whigs 26 delegates to the Legislature, and the Democrats 14. It appears to be the general opinion of the letter writers that the Democrats have elected Mr. Carroll, their candidate for Governor, but that the Whigs will have a majority in the Legislature.

On next Tuesday and Wednesday, the election for Governor and Legislators takes place in New Jersey.

The State election in Maryland was held on Wednesday.

SEEDLESS APPLE.

The Boston Cultivator describes a curious apple, which has been propagated near Ticonderoga, New York. It has neither core nor seeds. The origin was as follows:—The top of a young tree was bent over and covered with earth, which took root. The tree was then cut asunder, which stopped all connection with the natural root of the tree, and, by sprouts which sprung from the top portion of the body, a regular top was formed, which produces this fine fruit—a beautiful red, good size, very pleasant apple in the fall.

HARD FARE.

It is stated by a Havana correspondent of the New Orleans Tropic, that the Cuba Mining Company have discontinued their operations, from unproductiveness, and all the workmen (English) are in prison—cause unknown. The superintendent, Dr. Wolff, (an American) is also arrested, and I understand the American Consul is carrying on a correspondence in relation to it; the result has not transpired. Probably the operatives had run in debt on the strength of the promises of the company, and are unable to pay.

TRADES AND HEALTH.

It is surprising how little artisans and professional men take care to remedy the disadvantages of their occupations. If their leisure were devoted to exercise or employment which would counterbalance the ill effects of confined air and restricted postures, we should not meet such statements as one which we find lately reported in a London paper. Out of 223 tailors registered in the London Eastern and Western Unions, 123 are reported as having died of disease of the respiratory organs.

NEWSPAPER CHANGE.

The Philadelphia Museum has been purchased by Jos. C. Neal & Co., by whom it will be hereafter edited and published, Mr. Neal of course being at the editorial helm. The name of the paper will be altered or modified, and such other changes made as the new conductors deem advisable. There is no need of our saying anything of the talents of the author of "Charcoal Sketches"—for they have told their own story, in his wide spread and excellent reputation.

PROCESSION.

The Whigs of the Eastern Counties of this State had, on Tuesday, a Convention, attended with some such interesting features that they are worthy of special remark. And we make a minute of the Procession in which the delegates moved to the ground selected, not, of course, because it was a *Whig* procession, but because it was a grand affair, which would have done credit to any party; and which interested thousands and thousands who assembled on the line of its march, to look at the banners, trades, machinery and devices which were scattered liberally through it. In variety of detail, it was probably unexceeded by any civic procession which ever was got up in this city or country. And it is gratifying to state that no accident or disturbance of any moment marred the proceedings. No cloud, or dust, or inconvenience of any description from the weather interfered with the pleasant calmness of the day; and as to the people, all parties, those friendly, and those unfriendly to the views and purposes of the getters up of this pageant, appeared to have opened their hearts to let in the sunshine of political tolerance and forbearance. Good natured taunts were bandied at the corners, some sharp things were said, and hearty laughs were raised, as some sharp wag would ever and anon perpetrate a good joke, or a keen witticism. The affair was, in the highest degree, honorable to all parties, and to the whole people of the city and county, and the counties represented in the procession.

The line of the route and the streets adjacent were decorated with flags, and the windows were like picture frames, enclosing every-where groups of lovely faces. Of the number of persons on the ground, near the Frankford Road, it is impossible to form an estimate—but all admit that it was a very large meeting. In the procession the number of persons, as stated in the neutral papers, and as counted by a gentleman on whom we can rely, was in the neighborhood of six thousand, not varying from that number a hundred, either way. The time occupied in passing any given point, was about two hours.

The following was the order of the procession:

Fifty pioneers, all six feet men, followed by a long cavalcade, four abreast, including a delegation from Bucks County.

Chief Marshal and aids, and barouches and other carriages, conveying Daniel Webster and other invited guests, revolutionary soldiers, and officers of the meeting.

General Joseph Markle, on horseback, and Aids, followed by a numerous cavalcade as escort.

Delegations from other States, headed by Kentucky, with a cotton bagging banner.

Twenty-six horsemen, for the twenty-six States.

A full length Portrait of Washington, in a wagon.

Fifty-six horsemen, to represent the signers of the Declaration of Independence, with scarfs formed of flags, and hat-bands with 1776 inscribed. They were preceded by a banner, and followed by the Declaration of Independence, in a large frame, carried in a carriage.

Delegation from the Eastern Counties, mostly mounted, with banners, devices, &c. The Berks County Delegation had a wagon drawn by eight horses, and several other vehicles followed, from Berks and Bucks, and many delegates from inland Counties on foot.

Delaware County turned out strong. Among its notables were an omnibus with music, a ship full rigged, with a crew, and two coons as passengers, a farmer on horseback sowing seed, a plough and two horses, decorated with flags, and covering wagons full of men. One of the wagons had a straw-cutting machine at work. There were also many other vehicles and mounted men, and pedestrians.

The Montgomery delegation was very large. Among its features were a great number of vehicles, among which was one drawn by twenty-six horses, with a flag on each. Ash poles, coons, both alive and in their counterfeit presentment, and many flags and banners marked this part of the procession, as well as others.

A wagon from Frankford containing a dyeing establishment in full operation.

Leather boys of Oxford came next, at work in a wagon.

A power loom followed, driven by a steam engine; the loom tended by girls.

A blacksmith's shop, with hands at work.

The blue and fancy dyers of Oxford, and the Manchester Works, near Bustleton; each had large wagons with the materials of their manufactory, and men at work. The wagons were decorated with specimens of their skill.

A wagon from Little Bristol, decorated with dahlias.

Bellfield Print works presented specimens of their manufacture.

The Bristol Delegation had a canal boat drawn by horses, and the Blockley a wagon drawn by twenty-six black horses. West Philadelphia, Roxborough and Germantown were strongly represented, and a great number of vehicles and pedestrians were in this part of the procession.

The National Clay Club, with their banner, in full ranks.

The Northern Liberties Delegation, with banners. In this part of the procession were two wagons with skin dressers at work, and another with morocco dressers in full employment.

The Moyamensing Delegation had a hatter and farrier's shop, with the men at work—a wagon drawn by nine horses containing looms in operation, and several other wagons with looms.

The Cedar Ward Delegation had a power loom on a wagon, driven by a small steam engine, of beautiful make, and perfect in all its parts. The loom was tended by girls; a wagon followed as a tender, to supply the engine with water. There were handlooms at work on other wagons.

The Southwark Delegation had an omnibus, drawn by eight white horses, decorated with plumes and banners, and carrying twenty-six ladies, to represent the twenty-six States. There were many banners in this part of the procession.

The farmers of the 1st district had a large wagon, on which they were threshing, and a straw-cutting machine, a fan, and a corn-sheller were all in full operation.

A wagon contained a hand loom weaver at work. Another had a stove manufactory on it, in which the proprietors, Messrs. Gibson, Riley & Wright, were making a radiator stove, to be presented to Henry Clay. It was made of American iron, in imitation of the Russian.

Another wagon contained a machine for the manufacture of Clay Medals, which were distributed among the ladies on the pavements.

A blacksmith-shop followed in a wagon. It had a forge and anvil, and the hands were hard at work.

In the Kensington Delegation was a large stage, on wheels, which contained a complete iron foundry, and the manufacture of butt hinges and iron medals was carried on. This was from the People's Works, Franklin and Front streets, Kensington. A machine-shop followed, with men employed in every branch of the business, from the pattern maker to the finisher.

A woollen-dyeing establishment succeeded, employing a number of hands, and was followed by a cotton-spinning shop in full operation. A girl was tending the loom.

Another wagon, containing a stocking manufactory, decorated with specimens of skill in that line.

Following this were five banners, formed of ingrain carpet of the most beautiful patterns.

A large stage, drawn by seven horses, with bells, contained the brick-makers, who were busy in their occupation, and a kiln followed on a cart attached, into which the bricks were placed when moulded.

The Spring Garden Delegation was preceded by a boy, mounted on horseback, and beautifully embowered in flowers. In this part of the procession was a wagon, on which was a press, printing and distributing Clay badges.

The Ward Delegations followed next, with abundance of banners, mottoes, &c. &c. In this part of the procession were a Printing-press at work, and a wagon representing the cabinet makers of Walnut Ward, busy at their employment.

Twenty-six horsemen followed as representatives of the States. They wore silk scarfs with the names of the States inscribed on them. There were also two additional horsemen as "body guard to the old thirteen."

A stage, on which were sheet-iron and tin workers; tin-ware was thrown out to the ladies on the sidewalks.

The potters came next with appropriate mottoes; "The Clay Club of Middle Ward—in Clay we work, for Clay we vote." They were at work in a wagon drawn by eight horses.

The next was a leather and boot shop, in which were men at work sewing, pegging, and finishing their work.

A wagon followed, on which was erected a small house, and men at work shingling it. It was drawn by ten horses.

The marble masons had a large wagon, drawn by ten horses, on which they were at work on a key-stone.

The procession closed with a line of horsemen, composed of the draymen of the city and county, and parts of other delegations swelled the cavalcade. On arriving at the ground it was found to be a most eligible spot. Hon. John Sergeant was chosen Chairman, and after a Prayer for the prosperity of the country, offered by Rev. Dr. Higgins, Mr. Sergeant made a brief address, and was followed by Daniel Webster, Mr. Richards of Reading, Mr. Selden of New York, and others. The great mass of people dispersed to their homes, and the days pageant was over.

Local Intelligence.

Poor Jack!—An old sailor was last week sentenced to one month's imprisonment for an assault and battery, committed while he was intoxicated. He said that during the spree he spent eight hundred dollars, with which he had just been paid off from a national ship. Poor Jack! He scarcely receives his money before he falls into the hands of contemptible landsharks, who pick his pockets, and fit him out for another three year's service. It is no wonder that in his desperation he commits assaults. A sense of wrong does not always wait to weigh *where* to strike; and we can hardly wonder that some old sailors consider landsmen as their natural enemies.

The Mallory Testimonials.—Friday, of this week, was the day appointed to present to Capt. Henry S. Mallory, of Germantown, two silver pitchers and a sword, for his gallantry during the Southwark riots. The pitchers bear the following inscription:—"Presented to Captain Henry S. Mallory by his fellow citizens, as a tribute of their approbation of his brave conduct in sustaining the laws against a mob in Southwark, Philadelphia county, on the 7th day of July, 1844." The sword is a beautiful and highly finished blade, with gold hilt and elegantly burnished steel scabbard, and bears upon it an inscription nearly word for word as that upon the pitchers.

The Academy.—We noticed sometime since the removal of the old building, in Fourth, near the Merchant's Hotel, which was erected in Whitefield's time, and which has latterly been occupied by the academical department of the Pennsylvania University. On the front of the lot which was its site, two handsome stores are in progress of erection. Between them is a wide avenue, at the end of which the handsome front of the new Academy building is seen. That building is nearly completed externally, the roof being ready to put on.

Accidents.—On Tuesday, the day of the Whig procession, Thomas Graham was run over, on the Frankford Road, by a large wagon in the Whig celebration, and had his shoulder dislocated. John Foster had his right shoulder fractured in the southwestern part of the city, by an ash pole in the procession falling upon him. A boy, named Wm. McKinney, had his left leg fractured by a cart running against him. All three were taken to the Hospital.

☞ John M. Cannon, Esq., Mayor of the Northern Liberties, died on Thursday week, of consumption. His remains were interred, on Sunday in the Monument Cemetery.

Sentence.—David Becket, arraigned last Friday, for breaking and defacing the tombstones in the churchyard of St. Michael's, on the day after the riots, pleaded guilty, and offered intoxication in extenuation. As he had been already four months in prison, awaiting trial, and saved the Commonwealth trouble and expense by his plea of guilty, the punishment of four months farther imprisonment was adjudged to him. Eight months confinement for one drunken sacriligious spree, will teach him better, and others too, we trust.

Riot Cases.—There have been no riot cases tried since our last, and will be none, until after the election, which takes place on Tuesday next. The numerous political meetings which take place in the vicinity of the Court House, and the noise and excitement attending them, are among the causes of this postponement. Sickness in the family of Judge Parsons, causing his absence, is another reason for the delay.

Mayor Harper, of New York, has just paid this city a visit, and been received with great enthusiasm by the Native American party. He was escorted from the boat to his lodgings, on his arrival, and from his lodgings to the boat on his return, by a large body of the Native party, and seemed, as he had reason, to be highly pleased with his visit.

Military Parades.—The city was all alive on Monday, with the parade of nearly all the volunteer companies of the First Brigade, which includes the city proper. Besides the old companies, there were two or three of the new, organized under the ordinance of Councils. The ranks were full, and the appearance of all was soldierlike.

☞ The Trustees of the United States Bank, have removed from the future Custom House into the western banking room in the second story of the Philadelphia Bank building. Preparations are forward for the complete vacation of the building, in order that it may be ready at the time agreed upon.

☞ A $20 note on the Tenth Ward Bank of New York, has been changed so as to represent a note of the Bank of Pennsylvania. The whole style of engraving is, however, very different from that of the genuine note. There is a counterfeit of a similar description on the Lancaster Bank.

Trouble Saved.—George White, alias Hill, captured by the city police, at Germantown, while almost in the act of manufacturing counterfeit notes, has been indicted by the Grand Jury, and, like a sensible man has pleaded guilty, and done away with the trouble of a trial.

☞ A colored fellow, who gave his name as Nathaniel Townsend, has been sentenced to six months imprisonment for an assault on a lady in Market street. He had been observed to be guilty of several instances of indecent impudence.

☞ A new counterfeit one dollar note of the Bank of Smyrna, in the State of Delaware, has just been put in circulation in Lancaster city. It is dated March 1, 1844, No. 1410, letter B, and signed J. Hook, Cashier; A. Smith, President.

☞ John Finletter, charged with firing the second pistol that was fired in Kensington, May 6th, was bound over for trial on Monday.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.
NUMBER TWO.
A DAY IN IRELAND.

Port Rush, Ireland, Aug. 1, 1844.

Finding a boat left the same evening for this place, but eight miles from the Giant's Causeway, we went on board at the Clarence Dock, and at ten o'clock, bade farewell to Liverpool. Next morning, through mist and rain, we again saw the Isle of Man, and were tossed about on the Irish sea and in the North Channel, very disagreeably all the forenoon. In the afternoon we stopped at Larne, a little antiquated old town, at the head of a crooked arm of the sea. There is an old ivy-grown tower near it, and high, green mountains rise up around. After leaving it, we had a beautiful panoramic view of the northern coast—a succession of wild and sublime pictures. The clouds hung low on all the hill-sides, farm-houses were stuck in the picturesque sequestered nooks, and long, winding ravines ran up from the sea. Many of the precipices are of the same formation as the Causeway, and Fairhead, a promontory of this kind, is grand in the extreme. The perpendicular face of fluted rock is about three hundred feet in height, and towering up sublimely from the water, seemed almost to overhang our heads.

My companion compared it to Niagara Falls petrified; and I think the simile very striking. It is like a cataract falling in huge waves, in some places leaping out from a projecting rock, in others decending in an unbroken sheet. He mentioned this to a genteel-looking young gentleman, one of the passengers, who was looking at the scene; on hearing it, he asked, "Why, sir, is the *style of rock* the same?"

It was dark when we passed the Giant's Causeway, and about eleven o'clock we got to this place, where, after stumbling up a strange old street, in the dark, we found a little inn, and soon forgot the Irish Coast and everything else.

Yesterday morning when we arose it was raining, with little prospect of fair weather, but expecting nothing better, we set out on foot for the Causeway. The rain, however, soon came down in torrents, and we were obliged to take shelter in a cabin by the road-side. The whole house consisted of one room, with bare walls and roof, and earthen floor, while a window of three or four panes supplied the light. A fire of peat was burning on the hearth—and their breakfast, of potatoes alone, stood on the table. They received us with rude but genuine hospitality, giving us the only seats in the room to sit upon; except a rickety bed-stead that stood in one corner, and a small table, there was no other furniture in the house. The man appeared rather intelligent, but although he complained of the hardness of their lot, had no sympathy with O'Connell or the Repeal movement. We learned from them, that the remains of Dunluce Castle, one of the largest and most interesting of Irish ruins, were but a few miles further, on the road to the Causeway.

We left this miserable hut, as soon as it ceased raining—and, though there were many cabins along the road, few were better than this. At length, after passing the walls of an old church, in the midst of older tombs, we saw the roofless towers of Dunluce, on the sea-shore. The castle stands on an isolated rock which it covers entirely, rising perpendicularly two hundred feet above the sea, and connected with the cliffs of the mainland by a narrow arch of masonry. On the summit of the cliffs, were the remains of the buildings where the ancient lords kept their vassals. An old man, who takes care of it for Lord Antrim, on whose property it is situated, showed us the way down to the castle. We walked across the narrow arch, entered the ruined hall, and looked down to the roaring sea below. It still rained, and the wind swept furiously through the decaying arches of the banquetting hall, and waved the long grass on the desolate battlements. Far below, the sea foamed white on the breakers, and sent up an unceasing boom. It was the most mournful and desolate picture I ever beheld. There were some low dungeons yet entire, and rude stairways, where by stooping down, I could ascend nearly to the top of one of the towers, and look out on a scene of wild sublimity.

Going back, I found a way down the cliff, to the mouth of a cavern in the rock, and descended into it. It extends under the whole castle to the sea. Sliding down a heap of sand and stones, I stood under an arch eighty feet high, while in front the breakers dashed into the entrance, flinging the spray half-way to the roof, while the sound rang up through the arches like thunder. It seemed to me like the haunt of the old Norsemens' sea-gods!

According to the guide, the castle was built in the tenth century, and inhabited for a long time by the McQuillan's, a powerful Irish family, between whom and the McDonnell's, however, there was a fierce enmity. After a bloody battle between the two clans, which took place a short distance from the Causeway, a truce was proclaimed and the McQuillan's invited the McDonnell's to a feast. It was arranged that the chiefs of each party should sit alternately, in token of reconciliation; but each McDonnel, having formed a plot previously, carried a dagger in his sleeve, and on a given signal, stabbed his neighbor. They then obtained possession of the castle and their descendant, Lord Antrim, still holds it.

We left the road near Dunluce, and walked along the smooth beach to the cliffs that surround the Causeway. Here we obtained a guide, and descended to one of the caves which can be entered from the shore; the sea was so high that we could not enter the Grand Cave, which is ninety-six feet high and six hundred and fifty feet long. Opposite the entrance a bare rock rises out of the sea like a church steeple, called Sea Gull Isle. The roof at first, was low, but we shortly came to a branch that opened on the sea, where the arch was forty-six feet in height. The breakers dashed far into the cave, and flocks of sea-birds circled round its mouth. One of the men fired off a gun, which was like a deafening peal of thunder, the sound crashing from arch to arch till it rolled out of the cavern.

On the top of the hill a splendid hotel is erected for visitors to the Causeway; after passing this we descended to the base of the cliffs, which are here upwards of four hundred feet high, and soon began to find, in the columnar formation of the rocks, indications of our approach to it. The guide pointed out some columns which appeared to have been melted and run together, from which Sir Humphrey Davy attributed the formation of the Causeway to the action of fire. Near this is Giant's Well, a spring of the purest water, the bottom formed by three perfect hexagons, and the sides of regular columns. One of us observing that no giant had ever drunk from it, the old man answered—"Perhaps not: but it was made by a giant—God Almighty!"

From the well, the Causeway commences—a mass of columns, from triangular to octagonal, lying in compact forms, and extending out into the sea. I was somewhat disappointed at first, from having supposed the Causeway to be of great height, but I found the Giant's Loom, which is the highest part of it, is but about fifty feet from the water. The singular appearance of the columns, though, and the many strange forms which it assumes, render it an object of the greatest interest. Walking out on the rocks we came to the Ladies Chair, the seat, back, sides and footstool, being all regularly formed by the broken columns. The guide said that any lady who would take three drinks from the Giant's Well, and then sit in this chair, and think of any gentleman for whom she had a preference, would be married before a twelvemonth. I asked him if it would answer as well for gentlemen, for by a wonderful coincidence, we had each drank three times at the well. He said it would, but I must own we were heretic enough to try it with very little faith in its efficacy.

A cluster of columns about half-way up the cliff is called the Giant's Organ—from its very striking resemblance to that instrument, and a single rock, worn by the waves into the shape of a rude seat, is his chair. A mile or two further along the coast, two cliffs project from the range, leaving a vast semicircular space between, which, from its resemblance to the old Roman theatres, was appropriated for that purpose by the Giant. Half-way down the crags, are two or three pinnacles of rock, called the Chimneys, and the stumps of several others can be seen, which, it is said, were shot off by a vessel belonging to the Spanish Armada, which mistook them for the towers of Dunluce Castle, then inhabited. The vessel was afterwards wrecked in the bay below, which has ever since been called Spanish Bay, and in calm weather the wreck may be still seen. Many of the columns of the Causeway, have been carried off and sold as pillars for mantels—and though a notice is put up, threatening any one with the rigor of the law, depredations are occasionally made.

Returning, we left the road at Dunluce, and took a path which led along the summit of the cliffs. The twilight was gathering, and the wind blew with perfect fury, which, combined with the black and stormy sky, gave it an air of wildness that I have never seen equalled. All at once, as we followed the winding path, the crags appeared to open before us, disclosing a yawning chasm, down which, a large stream, falling in an unbroken sheet, was lost in the gloom below. Witnessed in a calm day, there may perhaps be nothing striking about it, but coming upon us at once, through the gloom of twilight, with the sea thundering below, and a scowling sky above, it was absolutely startling.

The path at last wound down the steep crags to the beach, at the foot of a giant rock, having an arch under it, about eighty feet in height. I learned afterwards it was called the Grand Cupola. The storm came up as we went on, and swept like a hurricane down the shore. I understood then what Horne means by the "lengthening javelins of the blast," for every drop seemed to strike us with the force of an arrow.

Then we went up among the sandhills, and got lost from each other in the darkness, when, after stumbling about among the gullies for half an hour, shouting for my companions, I found the road, and heard my call answered; but it happened to be two Irishmen, who came up and said—"And is it another gintleman ye're callin' for; we heard some one cryin', and didn't know but somebody might be kilt."

Finally, about eleven o'clock we all arrived at the inn, dripping with rain, and before a warm fire, concluded the adventures of our day in Ireland.

J. B. T.

Religious Intelligence.

Tract Society.—The New York branch now employs twelve city missionaries, and has the gratuitous services of about 1,100 monthly distributors. It is stated also, that the issues of publications from the parent society's house, for the month ending August 15th, amounted to upwards of $19,000. Of one important work in three volumes, 22,000 copies have been printed within the last six months. The gratuitous issues of tracts have amounted to about 7,000,000 pages in five months. Thirteen steam power presses, (equal to between thirty and forty common printing presses,) are now employed in the society's work.

Liberality.—After the Treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions arrived at Worcester, Mass., he received a donation of $1,000 from a lady of that town—and $1,000 from a gentleman, and $1,000 each from two sisters of that gentleman—a pleasant beginning to the receipts of the next year, the expenditures of which are estimated at not less than $30,000.

☞ The session of the Kentucky Methodist Conference has just closed at Bowling Green. The course of the delegates in reference to the question of slavery, in the cases of Bishop Andrew and Mr. Harding, of the Baltimore Conference, before the General Conference in May last, was by resolution, unanimously approved of.

☞ The steeple of the Trinity Church, New York, is now two hundred feet high, and is to be forty feet higher. The story that the spire has settled and separated from the main building is a fabrication. The steeple is a magnificent looking structure, towering above all others.

☞ The Rev. James Inglis has accepted a call from the First Baptist Church of Detroit, and commenced the regular public duties of his office on Sabbath, the 22d ult.

☞ A New Episcopal Church, in Newport, Ky., called St. Paul's Church, was recently dedicated to the service of God.

Dedication.—The new Church, erected in Fifth Street, below Carpenter, Southwark, for the Second Baptist Society, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, on Sunday morning last. The congregation has, for some time, worshipped in the basement.

☞ The Presbytery of New York held a special session on Thursday last, for the purpose of receiving the Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander as a member of their body, and installing him as pastor of the congregation in Duane street.

Protestant Episcopal Church.—The general Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, commenced its session in this city on Wednesday, in St. Andrew's. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of North Carolina.

☞ We learn from the Baptist Register for 1844, that the number of Baptists in America, is 765,304. Thus—in the United States 707,942—in Texas, 683—in the British Provinces, 20,655—in the West Indies, 36,371.

☞ A thousand ministers are said to have been present in Worcester, Mass., at the late anniversary of the American Board—probably the largest assembly of ministers ever convened in this country.

The Baptist Association.—The Philadelphia Baptist Association held its one hundred and thirty-seventh anniversary meeting this week, in the Second Baptist Church, Southwark.

Miscellaneous News.

An Assorted Cargo.—A vessel lately left Boston for Demarara with the following cargo: 150 bbls. apples, 16 kegs butter, 10 bbls. carrots, 3,000 cabbages, 300 celery roots, 15 boxes cheese, 6 half bbls. eggs, 3,000 fresh fish, 75 live hogs, 200 lobsters, 50 bbls. onions, 100 boxes oysters, 50 bbls. potatoes, 75 live sheep, 50 half bbls. turnips, 10 boxes poultry, 15 boxes peaches and pears, and 150 tons of ice.

Great Parade.—Nearly ten thousand firemen turned out in full equipments, at Cincinnati, for parade, on the 26th ult. There were twenty-one vehicles, drawn by horses, besides numerous marshals and others on horseback. The display was very brilliant. After the parade, the firemen dined together, to the number of two thousand.

☞ The Mount Carbon and Port Carbon Railroad, the Anthracite Gazette says, will be completed and open for the transportation of coal as early as the 1st of December next. The work is a most important one, and forms the medium of connection between the Philadelphia Road, and the Mill Creek and Schuylkill Valley districts.

A Good Seminary.—The Prussian Government, in order to avoid accidents on railroads, has founded, at Berlin, a school specially designed to teach the art of managing locomotives. The idea has attracted considerable attention among scientific men. The best school is practice under the guidance of an experienced engineer.

Wooden Ware.—At South Orange, in Franklin Co., Mass., there is an extensive wooden ware establishment belonging to Wm. B. Whitney, for the manufacture of pails, bowls, tubs, clothes-pins, etc. Over seventy hands are employed in this manufacture. This is only one of many such establishments in New England.

☞ The militia force of the several States, armed and equipped for service, amounts to one million, seven hundred and forty-nine thousand and eighty-two, of which one million, three hundred and forty-seven thousand, three hundred and eighty-three are infantry.

☞ A paragraph in Silliman's Journal says, the motive power of the cataract of Niagara exceeds, by nearly forty fold, all the mechanical force of water and steam power rendered available in Great Britain, for the purpose of imparting motion to their machinery.

☞ A man named Seymour, has been arrested at Richmond, charged with placing timber across the Petersburg railroad, for the purpose of upsetting the cars, out of revenge, for being turned out of them when drunk. He is said to belong to this city.

Notes of the Weather, &c.

THE EQUINOCTIAL.

After a long postponement, and a rather small storm about the 20th ult. the real equinoctial, delayed, but genuine, old-fashioned, and unmistakeable, commenced on Saturday noon, with wind from the North and East, and the rain fell, with little intermission, for twenty-four hours, giving the earth a most copious and much needed drenching. The wind got round at last to a dry corner, the North and West, and blew with much violence; uprooting and breaking down trees and their branches, and making mischief among awnings. A number of sheds, fences, and one large one story building in the Western part of the city were blown down, and many cellars were filled with water, but on the whole, the damage bore no comparison to the violence of the storm.

The shipping at the wharves and on the Delaware suffered but lightly, and from the Breakwater we learn that the damage was but slight, the loss of a few booms, spars, and anchors. The Delaware had not been so low for twenty-five years, and the small streams in our vicinity were nearly dried up. The rain came in good season for city and country; and bids fair to be followed with more.

In New York the gale was felt more heavily than here, and with considerable damage to the shipping. In the city, chimneys, awnings and a few exposed unfinished buildings were blown down, large trees were uprooted, and other damage done. The wind raised the tide in the Harlem River, so as to throw the bridge under water, and damage the road probably to the amount of $1,000.

As far east as Boston, Newburyport and Portsmouth, we have notices of the same easterly gale, with rain and damage to shipping. At Newburyport a schooner went ashore on Sunday, and the crew and three female passengers were drawn to land through the surf by a rope.

The gale does not appear to have reached very far south, as vessels have arrived at New York from the southern ports and make no mention of very severe weather.

Since the above was in type, we read notice of the late gale at Portsmouth, Va.

RAIN.

There has been, this year, no lack of rain at the West, and we observe that last week the previous deficiency on the Atlantic seaboard was pretty well made up. They had rain as far South as Charleston, on Wednesday, and we find many notices of it at intermediate places between that city and this.

The quantity that fell this year, between the 21st of March and the 21st of September, is less, according to a calculation made by Professor Caswell, of Brown University, Providence, than has fallen for the same time in the last thirteen years. The quantity in this year has been only 11 inches and 55 hundredths, whereas the mean of the whole thirteen years was 18.35. The mean quantity for the whole of thirteen years was 36.85, the greatest being in 1843, when the whole year gave 42.40, and the least in 1835, when the amount was 30.06. The quantity fallen so far in this year, 1844, has been only 21.45. Mr. Caswell thinks that we may look for a wet Autumn and Winter, so much rain being yet to fall in order to approach the ordinary mean.

Gale at Apalachicola.—On the 9th ult. a tremendous gale occurred at Apalachicola, Fa., doing damage to the amount of some $20,000, by the blowing down of buildings, unroofing of stores, &c. Fortunately no lives were lost.

☞ A smart shock of an earthquake occurred in Livingston Co., New York, on the 15th ult.—lasting nearly a minute.

☞ On Monday week the first thin ice of the season was seen at New Haven, Conn.

☞ There was snow last week, on the Alleghanies.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Mssrs. Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

THE BOOK OF ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN BALLADS. *Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is a beautiful octavo, tastefully got up in various bindings, printed on elegant paper, each page ornamented with border, and twenty five of the articles commenced with a gorgeous ornamental letter. There are also several beautiful engravings in the work; and in the getting up it will take a high rank among the many gift and ornamental books of the season. Its articles are from the rich store of devotional and serious poetry which the English language contains, and are taken from all time, and from the pens of many living writers, as well as from the works of the dead. The editor, Rev. R. W. Griswold, has shown his well known correct taste in the preparation of this volume; and has been presented as a work which has high claims on the Christian public, irrespective of its mere beauty as a book. It is perhaps not proper to call all the articles *ballads* in the strict definition of that term; for we are sure that no one could, in the same space have collected a greater and more acceptable variety from the treasury of Christian poesy.

THE KEEPSAKE. *A Christmas, New Year's and Birthday Present. Illustrated with Ten Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.*—This is a neat annual, filled with acceptable matter, and altogether worthy of the pleasant uses to which such publications are devoted. We echo the sentiment of the editor in his preface: "Annuals, let who will say the contrary, have done much for the encouragement of those who live by the exercise of the pen, the pencil, and the burin. Art and literature were never more worthily employed than in thus ministering to the affections of the soul. They carry poetry and sentiment into the haunts of frivolity, and often inspire a taste for learning and art, where there existed before only a taste for dancing and dress." In turning over the pages of the Keepsake, we find the publishers have worked in the true spirit. The literary matter is various and unexceptionable; and the general getting up is neat and tasteful.

THE HISTORY OF THE POPES, *from the Foundation of the See of Rome, to 1758. By Archibald Bower. With an Introduction, and Continuation to the Present Time. By Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D. Philadelphia: Griffith & Simon.* When we state that the author of this work was educated at Douay, and afterward became a Jesuit; and that this book was written after he had renounced the Romish faith, the reader, if he does not already know the work, will be able to judge of its character and tendency. It is a book which, in the present state of the public mind, when the great questions which have so much agitated the religious world are reinvited, cannot fail to have a large list of Protestant purchasers. It is published in numbers, and will be completed in about twenty-four.

THE CHILD'S DELIGHT. *A Gift for all Seasons. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.*—This is one of the better order of children's books, and in its getting up, is of that superior adornment and arrangement, which learns little readers to be neat and careful. With plates neatly colored, a neat cover, tastefully tinted, and a general appearance which is in advance of what the high-priced books were, but a few years ago, the contents of this tempting casket are worthy of the form they appear in. The "Child's Delight" will defend its own right to its title, whenever children get hold of it—and we suspect parents will sometimes catch themselves turning over its pages.

PARLEY'S CABINET LIBRARY. *No. 11. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* We are gratified to be able to state that Mr. Goodrich's excellent series, to which we have often referred, has a goodly list of subscribers in this city. Indeed if parents do but see the work, we can hardly imagine how they can withhold so excellent and comprehensive a library from their children. No. 11 is the History of the American Indians, being the second volume upon this subject which has appeared, and we notice that the next volume will also treat upon the same theme, though each is distinct.

THE ILLUMINATED BIBLE. *No. X. New York: Harpers.* This part finishes Deuteronomy, and commences the book of Joshua. The engravings inserted as side heads, are, we think, generally more beautiful than in the previous parts—the Leader of the Host, who appeared to Joshua, and the portrait of the Chieftain himself for instances, among many. The best of the large engravings is the destruction of Jericho. The work may be had in this city of *Zieber & Co., Robinson & Peterson, and Perkins & Purves.*

COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE. *New York: Israel Post. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson.*—The number for October contains two engravings and a fashion plate; and some capital papers, one at least of which we intended to have transferred to our columns. Among the contributors we find Mr. Inman, Grattan, Walter Whitman, the author of the "Widow of Burgos," C. Donald McLeod, Mrs. Butler, and others, whose articles could not fail to make it a good number.

McCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER. *New York: Harpers.* No. XVIII. of this work brings it down to the letter T. In looking over the numbers as they have been issued, we have been astonished at the amount of information which is compressed into the closely printed pages. In no work, with which we are acquainted, is the seeker rewarded with so full and satisfactory answers to his questions. It is for sale in this city by *Robinson & Peterson, Zieber & Co., and Perkins & Purves.*

THE PROPHECIES OF DANIEL. *No. 2. By George Bush, Prof. of Hebrew, New York City University. N. York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.* This work will be completed in ten or twelve numbers, each "Vision" complete in itself, comprising one, two, or three numbers, as the case may require. The first two numbers contain Nebuchadnezzar's Dream of the Great Image. It is neatly printed, and of the talents of the author we need not speak.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. This work, published in this city by Canning, has reached its 21st weekly number, and is firmly established in the public favor. The tact, discrimination, and experience of Mr. Littell eminently fit him to conduct it, and its frequent appearance makes it all the more acceptable.

MEDALS, ETC. Any quantity, any variety, and any quality of political medals, badges, and devices may be had of Colon & Adriance. Lithographs, caricatures, pamphlets and other miniatures of political warfare are also on sale in profusion.

"SCENES FROM SOCIAL LIFE," is the title of a most capital book, translated from the German, and published by the Appletons. We shall notice it more fully hereafter.

Fires.

GREAT FIRE.—There was a destructive fire at Port Byron, Cayuga county, New York, on Thursday of last week. It originated in the extensive tannery of A. Tupper, Esq., which was entirely consumed, together with its contents, consisting of a large quantity of leather in a finished and unfinished state. The grist mill owned by the Beach estate, the machine and blacksmith shop, and carriage factory of William Tull, and a large barn occupied by one of the companies on the canal, together with several other smaller buildings, were entirely destroyed. The loss has been variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. We are informed that none of the buildings destroyed were insured.

☞ The dwelling of Dr. Burdick, in Lansing, New York, was burned on Thursday night week, together with most of the furniture. His daughter was in the chamber asleep at the time. He threw her out of the window, and in jumping out himself, fractured his leg severely.

☞ A destructive fire has been raging in the woods, near the Ridge Road, in the town of Ontario, Wayne county, New York. Thousands of acres have already been burned over, miles of fences, a large quantity of hay, and a number of buildings, have been destroyed.

☞ The carpenter shop of Mr. Morris, in Vernon St., Spring Garden, was, last Friday, destroyed by fire, doing damage to the amount of $2,000.

☞ The Salisbury Watchman of the 14th ult., states that the splendid Cotton Factory, in Lexington, Davidson county, North Carolina, which has been in successful operation for the last five or six years, was destroyed by fire on the 10th ult. From every circumstance that has come to light, it is believed to have been set on fire. Loss estimated at fifty to sixty thousand dollars.

☞ The coal mines at Sydney, Cape Breton, have recently been on fire, doing damage to a large amount, say $50,000. The worst sufferers are the poor laborers, whose work has been, and may still be suspended.

☞ On Saturday night week, the saw mill, grist mill, and lath machine, owned by Samuel True, formerly of Bangor, were entirely consumed by fire. Loss estimated at $4,000, and probably not insured.

☞ The Cabinet factory of Mr. George C. Kellogg, at East Hartford, Connecticut, was destroyed by fire on Monday morning week. Insurance, $10,000, at the Hartford Fire Insurance Office.

Army & Navy.

☞ The United States brig Dolphin, now at the Navy Yard, Gosport, is to be fitted out immediately for the Mediterranean. The sloop of war Jamestown, at Norfolk, is ordered to be fitted for sea immediately—it is reported that she is to be the flag ship of the African squadron, under the command of Com. Charles W. Skinner. She is expected to sail in November. The sloop of war Dale, at New York, is also to be fitted for the coast of Africa.

☞ A Naval Medical Board, for the examination of candidates for the service, and for the qualification of Assistant Surgeons for promotion, will assemble in this city, on Monday next, the 7th instant, at the Mansion House, south Third street. The following are the members composing it:—Surgeon John A. Kearney, President; Surgeons John Haslet, Benjamin Franklin Bache, G. R. B. Horner, and Samuel Barrington.

☞ The brig Queen Charlotte, Com. Barclay's flag-ship in the great contest with Perry for the supremacy of the lakes, has at length given up the ghost and become a prey to dry rot and the elements. She now lies dismantled—"a mere hulk"—no longer the van of the fleet, but a mouldering trophy of a glorious victory.

☞ The sloop of war Fairfield, in the Mediterranean and Cyane in the Pacific, it is said, have been ordered home, and it is rumored that the sloop of war St. Mary, which is to be launched shortly from the Navy Yard, Washington, will be ordered to the Mediterranean, under command of Commander John Saunders.

☞ The Potomac and Somers, which have for several weeks been lying at our Navy Yard receiving slight repairs, are nearly ready for sea, and will shortly sail for the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico, the Carribean Sea and the coasts of Texas and the Spanish Main.

☞ The National Observatory erected at Washington by the Government, under the superintendance of Lieutenant J. M. Gillis, of the Navy, has been completed, and is about to be turned over to the Navy Department.

☞ Commander Montgomery, has been ordered to the sloop of war Portsmouth, at Portsmouth, N. H., and Lieutenant Charles Turner has been ordered to the command of the Erie.

☞ Mr. Mason, the Secretary of the Navy, has determined to build a Dry Dock at Brooklyn, N. Y., and it is understood that Col. McNeil is to be appointed superintendent.

☞ The frigate Raritan and storeship Pioneer were at Rio, Aug. 1st, all well.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Fashions going back to the Antique—Postponement of the French King's Visit—Political Reasons therefor—Mr. Pritchard at Caen—Parisian Theatres—English Naval Preparations—Bank Notes and Specie—Enormous Steam Engines—The Polytechnic School in Paris—Miscellaneous Matters—Monument to the Earl of Durham—British Colonial Defences—Coons in Devonshire.

Bristol, England, Sept. 3, 1844.

Ah! quite a collection of letters on the latest fashions in Paris are now before me, from *modistes* the most *a la mode*. A few of their contents will doubtless be acceptable to your fair readers, before whose tasteful imaginations, beautiful gowns, robes, bonnets, &c., are apt to float in pleasing and attractive visions. And first, for home, or visiting morning dresses. These are described as "redingotes, or Scotch taffetas," violet, with yellow spots, straw color and blue, cherry and white, or green groseille on a white ground. Open corsage, showing underneath a fichu embroidered in the plastron form. For morning dresses, the generality of sleeves are tight, those which are large, are rounded or trimmed with a puff or plait, which is re-produced on the skirt mounting to the top of the corsage. Bonnets trimmed with ribbons, with bouquets of deep blue China asters, or roses of the gilly-flower red color, are much in fashion; and cachmere shawls. With regard to evening dress, I make an extract, descriptive of a dress said to be both novel and beautiful. The letter-writer describes it as a "robe of blue barege, with three large plaits, or two enormous flounces; short sleeves of the times of Louis XII; pointed corsage, draped, plain, or with revers; Algerian scarf, either orange, fawn, or green shaded." Another speaks of an evening dress as a "robe of silk, with satin stripes, amaranthe or French grey, or French blue or slate color. Scarf or shawl of China crape." A striking novelty in August, for morning parade, was a Maltese mantilla, in black lace, very long, and rounded off at the back, cut out at the arms, and descending in long rounded ends; but as the autumn has set in, these graceful adornments are of course going by. I must not conclude my remarks on French fashionable affairs, without informing you that it has just transpired, on good authority, that the visit of Louis Philippe to this country is postponed to October—nay, it is just possible that it will not take place at all.

This change is owing to the position of several questions between the two countries, and the unwillingness of the Citizen King to risk any loss of popularity with his people by a visit to England during a critical state of public feeling. By the way, the "Haro," a journal published at Caen, in Normandy, gives a most withering account of the sayings and doings of Mr. Pritchard, our Ex-Consul at Tahiti, while that personage and his family were residents of Caen. The conduct of Mr. P. at Caen, is described as eccentric, shabby to a degree—and worse. This Pritchard is really not a person worth quarrelling about, on either side—and it is perfectly clear that the wise men of both countries have resolved that Mr. Pritchard shall not be magnified into a bone of contention—a *casus belli*.

Louis Philippe has added an American Branch to the Foreign Department, with *Lavergne* at its head. Some people think this very odd indeed; as the French Possessions in the New World are by no means extensive.

In very truth, the Parisians are the gayest people in the world, for they have now twenty-four theatres within the walls of the city, and twelve in the suburbs—all in full tide of operation.

We learn this morning that the Asia, 90; Monarch, 80; London, 92; and Waterloo, 120 guns; are to be added to the line of battle ships in commission; also the Vernon, 50; Alwin, 26; Vulture, (steam ship of war;) Amazon, ditto; and Crocodile, troop ship to the present naval force in commission. A double force is put on in several departments of the Royal dock yards; and several more of the largest war steamers are to be prepared. Large orders for arming the additional ships and steamers have been received at the Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich. Now, many argue that such preparations portend war—but *au contraire*, I cannot help thinking that they tend to prevent war, and thus to promote the permanency of peace.

The bank notes now in circulation in the British Islands, amount to £38,001,234, according to the last returns. The bullion in the Bank of England is £15,227,000; and it is clear that the specie now in the country, must be at least two or three times the amount of bank notes.

We are about to build steam engines of a thousand-horse power, for forging the vast shafts of which, a new hammer has been invented. The great *Dowlais* Iron Works, famed for railroad iron, are in full work, and though they are said to employ thousands of hands, they cannot get out their orders fast enough. It is computed that the railroads now in progress in different parts of the world, will require at least 3,000,000 tons of railroad iron to complete them; and it is believed that about half of this will be ordered in England—perhaps more.

The dissolution of the Polytechnic School at Paris, owing to the *penchant* of the pupils to foment and take part in civil commotions, has created quite a sensation. This school, in 39 years, gave 3,946 officers and engineers to the army—had a short time since about 300 pupils—each paying 700 or 800 francs, for outfit, when admitted, and their parents paying 1000 francs a year each. It will probably be reorganized.

A French gentleman has applied in London to the Lord Mayor, for a warrant to arrest Louis Philippe, on his arrival in England, on the ground that the Citizen King is indebted to him about £6,000, on account of the latter disbursing that amount to raise troops for Louis, at the time of the *trois jours*. The Lord Mayor would have nothing to do with the matter—it being out of his jurisdiction. A foreign smuggling vessel has just been captured off Dublin, with 175 bales of tobacco and twelve men on board. The captain of the ship "Hannah," of Dundee, is supposed to have been murdered by the whole or part of the crew—and the ship scuttled and sunk. A young lady of great beauty, named Miss Cussen, was forcibly taken away by several men, near Limerick, a few days since, while walking with her aunt! She was hurried off in a carriage, along the Cork Road—and no clue has yet been obtained to elucidate this daring mystery. A man dressed as a gentleman appeared to be waiting in the carriage to receive the lady, who, by the way, is entitled to a handsome fortune.

A Quakeress, named Mrs. Backhouse, is preaching at Paris, where she excites much sensation. A railroad treaty has been formed between Denmark, Prussia, Hanover and Mecklenburg Schwerin, for the due extension of lines through each country. A superb monument is to be erected to the memory of the late Earl of Durham, at Pensher Hill, in the County of Durham. His Grace, the Duke of Wellington, is afflicted with deafness. There has been a great strike of workmen at Berlin, for higher wages—accompanied with rioting. The King of Naples has organized a Commission, to survey the Isthmus of Panama. Orders have been sent to all the British West India possessions, to have their existing naval and military defences put in the best condition;—so that, in the worst event, we are resolved not to be "caught napping."

Several raccoons have been found in the woods near Ilfracombe, Devonshire. The puzzle is—how came they there! This question no one can solve, unless the parent raccoons were brought over by some American ship. That great ship insurance establishment, "Lloyd's," in London, has been enlarged by the addition of the Chart Room, which is to contain charts of all the known coasts and harbors in the world. Lord Rosse's great telescope at Birr Castle, to be the largest ever constructed, is now almost completed.

New York City.

☞ A steam propeller, called the Midas, has left New York for Hong Kong, China. She is said to be a beautiful little craft, a fast sailer, a good sea vessel, has accommodations for six passengers, and can take light freight or specie. The steamer Marmora, Capt. W. R. Page, commander, has been expressly fitted out at New York, for a voyage to the Mediterranean. She will make a voyage to Charleston, however, before going to Europe.

☞ A beautiful iron steamer has been launched in New York—called the Albermarle. She is owned by Messrs. G. F. Andersen & Co., and is intended to run from Norfolk, Virginia, through the Dismal Swamp Canal, into North Carolina, carrying freight and passengers. She is commanded by Capt. Marshall Parks, and will be propelled by Worthington's propellers, placed in the bow.

THE DOG LAW.—The operation of the dog law ceased in New York, on Saturday last, and the canines have their own again. During the slaughter season, which began on the 12th of June, 3,353 of the canine race have been killed, and many more taken up, but redeemed by their owners.

☞ The old "Middle Dutch Church," in New York, is being rapidly altered and arranged so as to fit it for the Post Office. It is thought that it will be ready for Post Office business by the first of November next.

☞ There are, according to the report of the Croton Board, but 8,017 persons who take the Croton water. The rent for the last year was $114,000.

☞ The importations into New York have materially decreased within the last few weeks.

General News.

A SPLENDID SHIP.—The new ship Empire, of New York, is a splendid affair. She was built at Portsmouth, N. H. Her length is 185 feet, and depth 23 feet and three inches. The ship has a full poop and top-gallant forecastle, and her cabins are finished in a style of perfect elegance. The masts are from the monsters of the forest, and were carried to Portsmouth from the north of the White Mountains, a distance of some ninety miles. The cost of the Empire ready for sea, will be about $80,000. She is up for Liverpool, and we send her to John Bull as another specimen of Brother Jonathan's capacity to build the best ships that sail the ocean. Portsmouth, the only seaport in New Hampshire, always builds fine ships.

ALABAMA WHEAT.—Several farmers in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, have cultivated a new variety of wheat, for a year or two past, with great satisfaction. It is called Alabama wheat, from the fact that about half a pint was brought here from that State in 1839 by an observing farmer. After finding that it succeeded well in this climate, he disseminated it for seed, and it is computed that this year 2,000 bushels have been raised, chiefly in the Whitewater Valley. It takes the preference, by far, over all other kinds of wheat brought to the Cincinnati market, weighing from 64 to 68 pounds to the bushel. Its yield has averaged about thirty bushels to the acre this season.

AFRICAN COLONIES.—The colonizationists propose to purchase certain portions of territory between Cape Mount and Cape Palmas. They can be purchased for $15,000 to 20,000. A gentleman in New York has proffered to be one of fifteen to raise the requisite sum in subscriptions of $1,000 each, and a gentleman of Pittsburg has given $1,000. The commerce of Liberia would be much improved by the consummation of the project.

THE HEMP CULTURE.—In 1841 and 1842 the entire receipts at New Orleans were only 1,211 bales; in 1842 and 1843 they rose to 15,000 bales; and in 1843 and 1844, they reached 38,000 bales, or about 5,000 tons—the increase being almost exclusively from Illinois and Missouri.

ESCAPE.—On the New York and Harlem Railroad on Monday, one of the axletrees of the rear car suddenly broke, and the car, containing about forty passengers, was precipitated about twelve feet down a steep bank; turning twice completely over in its descent. About twenty of the passengers were injured, most of them but slightly, a few seriously, but none dangerously. Mr. James Hanly, harp manufacturer, 85 Anthony street, was injured more seriously than any one else, having suffered a compound fracture of the leg. He is said to be doing well. Many others are more or less seriously bruised.

MURDER AND MARRIAGE.—A young man named W. W. Rives, in Wilcox county, Ala., was about to be married to Miss Sarah Tait, at the house of her father. Dr. Charles Tait, a brother of the bride, and the only one of her connexions opposed to the match, called the bridegroom aside, on pretence of speaking to him, just as the ceremony was about to commence. He began by beating, and ended by shooting his sister's intended husband. The marriage ceremony was performed notwithstanding. The murderer fled, and the young husband died in two days from the wound. This is truly brutal.

MELANCHOLY.—The crew of a fisherman, belonging to Truro, Mass., left their vessel at anchor, on Saturday evening week, to pull ashore. By the swamping of the boat, or some other accident, all were drowned. The bodies of some of them have washed ashore. The following is a list of the names—Solomon H. Lombard, master, aged 28; James Lombard, 26; Solomon Rich, 26; Charles Rich, 12; Thos. Mayo, 23; Sewell Worcester, 25; John L. Rich, 14; Elisha Rich, 17; Ezra Turner, 21; Rueben Pierce, 30—all of Truro.

OREGON.—Water power in Oregon is said to be abundant; business of every kind brisk, and every body busy. The climate, if the account be correct, would entitle the Territory to the appellation of fairy land. Flowers are in bloom nearly the whole year round. Winter is only known by the rains: the timber in some parts grows to the height of three hundred feet: and it is said no one can find an objection to the settlements, unless it be a man who loves liquor—for the article is unknown amongst them.

LOCKJAW.—In New York, on Sunday, an inquest was held on the body of John Frank, aged 44 years. The deceased was engaged in a factory for grinding paints, and about a fortnight since, while attending to the machinery, in endeavoring to take a small stone from the works, his left hand was caught by one of the wheels which tore off the entire fingers. He lingered until Saturday last, when death put a period to his sufferings, when he died of lockjaw.

MELANCHOLY.—Two young ladies, daughters of Thomas Reynolds, of Washington county, were drowned in the Ohio on Sunday, the 22d inst. They had attempted, in company with several other persons, to cross the river in a skiff, which sunk with them when nearing the Virginia shore. The others escaped, after struggling for their lives.

☞ The extension of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad to Springfield, will be completed about the 1st of November. There will then be an unbroken line of good and substantial road from New Haven to Boston and Albany, the time allowed for reaching either of these places from New York by this route being twelve hours.

☞ Last week, at a stone quarry at Black Rock, N. Y., a charge prematurely exploded, and drove an iron bar nearly through the body of a workman named James Malony, and otherwise horribly mangled him. He survived the accident but a short time. Another man was much hurt—having one eye destroyed and the other injured.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—In Baltimore, on Monday, a lad named Stillman, about ten years of age, son of Peter Stillman, of that city, climbed upon the cars of the Frederick train, and from some cause, fell off, and his head striking the stones with great force, caused a concussion of the brain, of which he died about half an hour afterwards.

READ OUT.—Sidney Rigdon has been formally "cut off" from the Mormon Church, by a tribunal consisting of the "twelve high priests," and the "senior bishop"—all the congregation endorsing the sentence, except, of course, such as Sidney has set apart as priests under his administration.

MURDER.—The Louisville Courier learns, that a few days ago, Mr. Gibbon, editor of the Smithland Bee, was deliberately shot and killed by Dr. Snyder, while walking in the street with his little daughter. It is stated that the dreadful affair grew out of a political quarrel.

ON THE ROAD.—The Baltimore Sun learns that on Wednesday of last week, in the Cumberland cars, on their way from Baltimore, a lady gave birth to a fine child while crossing Harper's Ferry. The child ought to be named in a way to commemorate its birth.

☞ A young man recently fell from the gallery of the Bowery Theatre, in New York, to the pit, smashing a chandelier in his way. Strange to say, he got up, declared he was not hurt, and walked away. He died the next day, however.

☞ Gov. Ford, of Illinois, has issued orders for the march of twenty-five hundred Illinois military and volunteers to Nauvoo, for the protection of that place. We hope the military will not protect the Mormons as wolves protect sheep.

☞ Letters from Oregon Territory announce the death of G. W. Le Breton, formerly at Newburyport. He was shot by an Indian, and died two days afterwards. The Indian was immediately killed by a Mr. John Winslow.

☞ A Mr. Battle, of Shreveport, La., and one of his colored men, were both killed in a well, a few days since—having gone down to remove some watermelon rinds that had been thrown in and tainting the water.

COAL.—The total amount brought from the Schuylkill region, from January 1st, to Sept. 26, is over 581,050 tons. The shipments from the Mauch Chunk mines for the same period, have been 248,483 tons.

QUIET AT LAST.—Captain Cutts, arrived at New York, in sixteen days from Port au Prince, reports that when he sailed all was quiet. The President had gone to the Cape with 2,000 soldiers.

☞ The total revenue of the Prince of Wales, now three years old, (from the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster,) amounted, in the year ending 31st December last, to upwards of £73,100.

☞ In Boston city an increase of $7,000,000 in the assessment value of property has been made this year, and the rate of taxation is of course less, being $6 on a thousand, instead of $6 20.

☞ A few bales of the new crop of cotton from North Carolina were received at Norfolk on the 26th inst. The crop in Louisiana is suffering much from the worm and caterpillar.

☞ According to the Boston Shipping List, 324,187 barrels of flour have been imported into Boston, via railroads and vessels, from June 1 to September 28, of this year.

☞ The distilleries of New York and Brooklyn now make about 25,000 gallons per day, and consume about 8,000 bushels of grain, two thirds corn and one third rye.

☞ Geologists think that the supply of coal in England will not last beyond 400 years. That is pretty good grace; and coal may go out of fashion before it is up.

☞ In 1821, the whole number of merchants and traders in St. Louis was 37, and the aggregate of business done by them amounted to $267,000 per annum.

☞ There were 155 interments in New York last week—39 men, 43 women, 45 boys and 43 girls.

☞ Counterfeit Spanish milled dollars are in circulation in the West.

☞ Mr. Asahel Cowles, of East Bloomfield, N. Y., had a valuable mare killed by bees on the 17th ult. His son had driven her to a neighbor's, and tied her near the bee house. The bees commenced an attack, and in her struggles to escape, she threw over two hives, the bees from which poured out in such numbers, and stung the creature so badly, that she died soon after.

Personal News.

☞ Mr. Waggerman, nephew of President Tyler—who was a short time since appointed an inspector at Baltimore—has been appointed Purser in the U. S. Navy, in the place of Mr. Upshur, deceased, nephew of the late Secretary.

☞ Hopewell Hepburn, Esq., of Northampton, county, Pa., has been appointed Assistant Judge of the District Court for the county of Alleghany, in the place of Judge Shaler, resigned.

☞ The following Texan prisoners, confined at the castle of Perote, have been released:—Capt. Wm. Ryon, Col. W. F. Wilson, Wallace J. Armstrong and Thos. Tatem.

☞ Hon. Ira A. Eastman, of Gilmanton, N. H., has been appointed by the Governor of that State to a seat on the bench, vacated by the death of Judge Tebbets.

☞ Isaac Hill, so long prominent in the politics of New Hampshire, now lies seriously ill, and is not expected to recover.

☞ Richard Dawes, of Charleston, has been appointed Chief Clerk in the Naval Bureau of Construction, &c., at Washington.

☞ Philip Sage has been appointed Collector of Middletown, Conn., vice Austin Baldwin, resigned.

Notices of the Dead.

☞ The Hon. Abner Davis, State Senator elect from the counties of Davies and Martin, Ia., died at his residence in Washington, on the 13th ult. Mr. Davis has represented these counties in the State Senate for several years, and was highly respected by all parties.

☞ The Rev. John J. Shepherd, the well known projector and founder of the Oberlin Institute and Colony, and formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Elyria, died at Walton, Mich., on the 16th ult., aged 42 years.

☞ The Rev. George W. Swan, chaplain on board the U. S. ship Potomac, died last week of cholera morbus, after a very short illness. He was preparing for sea, the frigate intending to sail on the 1st of October.

☞ Rev. Artemus Boies, formerly pastor of Pine Street Church, Boston, died at New London, Conn., on Wednesday of last week, of brain fever. He was much beloved for his many amiable qualities.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

350 shares	Wilmington R. R.	24¼
300 do.	Wilmington R. R.	24¼
20 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.,	31¼
1 do.	Commercial Bank,	54
1 do.	Girard Bank,	11¼
$2000	Tenn. Bonds, 5's,	84
$9600	Penna. 5's,	71¼
$1000	Penna. 5's,	71¼
$769 98	Penna. 5's,	65¼
$1000	U. States 6's, 1862,	116
$4000	Reading R. R. Bonds,	71¼
$100	State 6's, 1843,	69
$7000	Penna. 5's,	71¼
$1000	City 5's, 1862,	105¼

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes—Western pots at $4.12½. *Bark*—In quercitron bark we notice a sale of near 75 hhds first No. 2 at $30, which is a decline. *Beeswax*—Western yellow 30c per lb. *Candles*—New Bedford spermaceti 30a31c per lb; dipped tallow 8½a9c; mould do. 9½a10c as in size. *Coffee*—Beyond a few small sales of Laguayra at 7c; we have nothing reported. *Cotton*—The market has not varied since last week, sales of about 130 bales good middling and middling fair uplands at near 7a7½c on time. *Coal*—Last cargo sales of large lump Lehigh, Beaver Meadow or Hazleton coal $3,25a3,50 per ton, Bristol and Philadelphia; Schuylkill red and white ash $3,25a3,37½. *Copper*—Braziers' 26c per lb; bolts 24a25c; sheathing 21c; old sheathing 17a18c; Peruvian pig 17c; copper rollers for calico printers, 50c. *Feathers*—Good western 32a33c per lb. *Flax*—Domestic 7a8c per lb. *Fish*—There is a fair retail demand for mackerel at $11, 8,50 and 6,50 for the three numbers. *Flour*—Since our last report the market has been in a very quiet state, and without any demand for export; common and fair brands are held at $4,37½a4,50. Rye flour we quote at $3. Corn meal in limited demand at $2,37½ for fresh Pa. *Grain*—But little arriving; sales of good Jersey wheat at 91c; we quote at 85a91c, as in quality. Corn—Market nearly bare; sales of good southern yellow at 49c; white 45c; Pa. 50c. Oats—A sale of common southern at 26½c. *Ginseng*—30c per lb. *Hops*—New crop 12c per lb; old crop 6c. *Hay and Straw* comes in slowly. Timothy readily commands 80a90c per cwt; clover and timothy mixed 70a80c. Rye straw $6a7 per 100 bundles; wheat do. $5a6. *Iron*—Foundry pig $28a32 per ton, anthracite pig, No. 2, $25; Am. hoop $5a6 per cwt; boiler plate 4½a5c per lb; sheet iron $140 per ton; Am. roller bar $65a75 per ton; Swedish bar $80a85. Blooms $55a60. *Lumber*—Carolina flooring by the cargo $18 per M feet; first quality cedar shingles $17a18 per M; do. narrow $12a13; white pine shipping boards $11; eastern laths $1,12½a1,15; hoop poles 12 ft. $16a18 per M; do. 14 feet $22a24; red oak hhd staves $16a17 per M. *Lead*—Pig lead $4 per 100 lbs. *Oil*—Fall and winter pressed sperm at $1,05a1,10 per gallon; crude sperm $1a1,05; winter pressed whale 60c; crude do. 42a43c; American neats foot 75c; South American do. 70c; straits oil $20 per bbl of 31 gallons; bank oil $16,50; straits oil gurry $9; elephant oil 75a80c per gallon; linseed 60c in casks and bbls. Marseilles sweet oil $3,37½a2,25 per basket, quarts and pints. *Provisions*—We quote mess pork at $9,25 per bbl, prime do. $8; mess beef $7a7,50; hams 5½a7c per lb; sides 4½a5c; shoulders 4a4½; western lard 6a6½c, do. butter 7a8c; N. Y. cheese 6a7c; western 5½a5½c. *Plaster*—Last cargo sales at $2,50 per ton. *Rags*—Country mixed at 3½a3½c per lb. *Rice*—New crop 3½c on time. *Sugars*—Matanzas white sugar 8½c; brown Trinidad 7½, St. Jago 6½, Santa Cruz 7a7½; brown Trinidad 7½c; Porto Rico 6½c on time. *Spirits*—Whiskey has advanced to 24½a25½c per gallon in hhds and bbls; New England rum 31a32c. *Seed*—Domestic flaxseed $1,25a1,30 per bushel; cloverseed $4,50a5; timothy 2; canary $2,50. *Soap*—Brown and yellow 3½a4c per lb; sperm oil soap 3½. *Shot*—Drop shot by the ton and upwards 5½c per lb cash; 5½c 6 mos; mould do. 5½c cash; 6c 6 mos; bar lead has advanced ½c per lb. *Starch*—Wheat starch 5c per lb; Polish 5½c; common 5a5½; northern potato starch 4½c. *Tallow*—Western tallow 7c per pound. *Teas*—Country packed gunpowder and imperial 58c a$1,25 per lb; do. Canton packed 35a40c, scarce; country packed young hyson 35a85c, do. Canton packed 18a23c, country do. gunpowder and imperial in boxes 58a62c. Pouchong 25a50c; Souchong 25a50c. *White Lead*—In consequence of the advance in pig lead, manufacturers have agreed on the following rates, to continue to the 1st of February, 1845, viz: Pure, ground in oil, $8,50 per 100 lbs; extra $8; No. 1 $7,50; No. 2 $7; pure dry $7,50; extra $7; No. 1 $6,50. *Wood*—The stock on the wharves fronting the city is fair for the season. Hickory is held at $4,50a5 per cord, seasoned oak $4,25a4,75; winter cut oak is scarce, and in demand at $3,50a4. Pine $3a4. *Coal Freights*—To Baltimore 75a87½c per ton; N. York 95ca$1; Providence $1,31; Albany and Troy $1,35a1,40; Boston $1,50a1,60.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 1260 head beef cattle, including 550 from Ohio and Virginia; 160 cows and calves; 1090 sheep and lambs, and 429 swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—Market dull. Sales at $3,75 to 6 per 100 lbs, as in quality. Cows and Calves—Sales fresh cows at $15 to 28; springers at $8 to 15, and $6 to 10 for dry cows. Swine sold at $4,25a4,50 per 100 lbs. 100 head unsold. Sheep and Lambs—Sales of sheep at $1,25 to 3, and lambs at $1,25 to 2,25, as in quality.

New York, Sept. 30.—At market 1400 beef cattle, 300 from the south, 35 cows and calves, and 3825 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle were in good demand, and we quote fair retailing sorts $3,50 to 4,50; prime $4,75 to 5,50. Cows and Calves—All at market were taken at $15a24. Sheep and Lambs—The market was cleared at $1,50a4 for sheep, and $1a2,75 for lambs. Hay—A small supply at the close of our report; good sells readily at 62½c per cwt.

Baltimore, Sept. 27.—There have been offered at the scales during the past week, over 1200 head. About 600 head were sold at prices ranging from $1,25 to 2 per 100 lbs on the hoof, according to quality. Of those left over, 300 head were driven north. On Thursday there were 250 offered, composed of those left over on Monday, with the addition of 60 fresh, all of which, excepting 70 sold, were sold at $1,12½ to $1,75 per 100 lbs on the hoof, which is equal to $3,25a3,50 nett, according to quality. Hogs—There is a good supply of live hogs. Sales have been taking place at $4a4,25 per 100 lbs.

Richmond, Sept. 27.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,00 to 2,25, nett $4 to 4,50. Mutton—$2 to 2½, according to quality. Veals sell from $2 to 5, according to quality. Lambs from $1,50 to 2. Hogs $4½ to 5 per 100 lbs.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK.

Just received a supply of this celebrated Ink, and having tested it thoroughly, I am prepared to warrant it equal, if not *superior to any made in the United States*, or of the imported. ALEXANDER HARPER,
1212 Wholesale Druggist, No. 45 Market street.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK.

The subscriber has received a supply of this valuable article, which he confidently recommends to the public as the very best in the market.

It is used without a preparation, and produces a jet black and indelible impression if applied according to directions. EDWARD PARRISH,
1212 Druggist Ninth and Chesnut streets.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—This invaluable medicine has won its way into public favor until it has become the only acknowledged preparation that can be relied upon for the removal and cure of all diseases originating in an impure state of the blood and other fluids. It is not reduced in medical value by the addition of sugar, and is prepared by a peculiar process entirely new. The principle which renders this root so valuable is wholly preserved. This Sarsaparilla is extensively recommended and proved to be highly beneficial for purifying the blood and removing unhealthy humors, eradicating the effects of mercury from the system, clearing the skin, &c. It is also used with the happiest effects in rheumatism and neuralgia.

For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of the agents gratis.

Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists,
79 Fulton street, New York.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved as it attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from 11th to the 24th September.

September 11, received from			
D. Howard	$2 00	S. Bellanger	1 00
Eliza Chadwick	2 00	S. Norris	6 00
Troy Conf. R. Room	2 00	R. H. Dustin	2 00
T. Lowery, Jr.	1 00	J. D. Larkins	2 00
H. T. Govet	7 00	S. Middleton	2 00
C. H. Williams	6 00	J. McPherson	2 00
W. C. Grimes	3 00	F. Martin	1 50
Dr. E. B. Richmond	2 00	D. P. Selby	1 00
J. H. Wolcott	2 00		
September 12.			
T. M. Wilson	2 00	W. W. Durlin	6 00
F. R. Milton	2 00	H. W. Savidge	2 00
J. McNaughton	2 00	J. D. Relby	10 00
J. M. Ely	2 00	S. Bailey	4 00
H. Ritter	2 00	J. G. Darlington	5 00
N. Humphrey	5 00	Wesleyan R. Room	1 50
J. Rhoads	5 00	G. B. Traux	3 00
R. H. Mason	2 00	C. Small	3 00
A. T. Lewis	2 00	O. Lewis	1 00
September 13.			
R. C. Spring	1 00	C. Rogan	2 00
I. Swain	2 00	S. Sleeper	2 00
T. Reese	2 00	J. A. Scattergood	2 00
A. G. Hawkins	6 00	R. Crawford	2 00
S. Searls	1 00	F. Heiskell	2 00
W. Bartlett	1 00	P. Wright	4 00
J. L. Bryan	2 00	T. Abbott	1 00
J. Craig	2 00	W. R. Smith	2 00
H. Gibson	2 00	J. Spragg	2 00
G. Wilson	2 00	W. Ogle	2 00
W. Fowler	2 00	G. B. Allen	2 00
J. Porter	7 00	Mrs. M. Davis	2 00
J. Braddock	1 42	J. Stevenson	2 00
N. Lukens	4 00	W. B. Smith	2 00
F. Seckel	2 00	T. P. Hines	4 00
W. Stokes, Jr.	2 00	J. C. Scurlin	2 00
S. Grant	2 00	A. L. Deane	2 00
M. B. Haseltine	2 00	W. P. Thomas	4 00
September 14.			
J. Simplot	4 00	J. B. King	2 00
J. R. Gilbreath	2 00	J. J. Howard	5 00
J. Glendenning	2 00	P. Graves	5 00
R. Glen	2 00	K. Tyner	5 00
J. M. Gray	2 00	J. Allen	2 00
C. H. Starkey	10 00	B. P. Reeser	11 00
W. H. Samms	2 00	C. D. Porter	2 00
F. P. Coxe	10 00	Mrs. H. Hagy	1 00
Dr. L. B. Bigelow	2 00	D. L. Bixler	2 00
Miss S. Thurston	2 00	I. Lavan	2 00
September 16.			
Dr. M. C. Jones	2 00	T. S. Reid	2 00
E. Jenkins	2 00	J. Higgins	2 00
W. Bigham	8 75	O. Rawley	2 00
C. V. Kinnear	2 00	E. Westcott	2 00
H. Thompson	2 00	H. C. Rawling	5 00
A. Clifton	2 00	R. W. Corman	2 00
W. H. McClyment	2 00	J. P. Thorp	8 00
T. C. Cook	2 00	D. W. Arley	2 00
W. Labryeer	2 00	R. M. Dunn	2 00
September 17.			
J. F. Watson	2 00	D. Reynolds	2 00
Mrs. M. A. McGee	7 00	M. Hoffman	2 00
J. P. Daniels	6 00	R. H. Wilson	6 00
Dr. W. B. Watson	2 00	A. Dunningham	5 00
J. Watson, Jr.	2 00	C. P. Hamilton	2 00
S. Webster	2 00	J. H. Worman	2 00
W. Dowling	2 00	W. R. Livingston	2 00
Port Lib'ry, Fort Brady	2 00		
September 18.			
Mrs. Benton	2 00	J. A. Willey	10 00
F. Mason	1 50	Dr. L. A. Hamilton	2 00
J. Crippen	2 00	W. Maxwell	10 00
S. Patton	2 00	N. Paul	2 00
D. Hoyt	2 00	B. Smith	3 50
W. S. Campbell	6 25	T. Thorn	2 00
J. Wheeler	2 00	A. C. Moore	5 00
B. M. Singleton	2 00	G. W. Harris	2 00
M. Latta	2 00	J. H. Newton	6 00
September 19.			
J. D. Starr	1 50	J. D. Topper	10 00
W. Phillips, Jr.	2 00	G. W. Reeves	2 00
W. Meteer	2 00	R. C. Dowling	2 00
S. Rodgers	2 00	L. Black	5 00
D. Gregory	2 00	D. W. Cook	6 00
S. Hopper	4 00	H. Rush	2 00
L. Maxwell	2 00	A. D. Douglass	2 00
C. A. Hedges	2 00	S. C. Clarke	2 00
September 20.			
R. R. O'Hara	1 50	C. B. Hatch, P.M.	15 00
J. D. Loy	1 25	J. Clewell	2 00
J. Scott	2 00	J. D. Whitney	5 00
M. Busch	2 00	J. Griest	1 00
H. Boyen	2 00	J. Clark	5 00
J. A. Campbell	2 00	H. H. Porter	6 00
O. A. Rusling	10 00	W. C. Allenson	4 00
D. Reeves	2 00	D. W. Ashmore	2 00
W. C. Stiles	2 00	J. T. Williams	2 00
J. S. Randall	2 00	R. T. Brady	2 00
A. S. Bartram	2 00	A. H. Hale	2 00
E. W. Parks	4 00	C. J. Grant	4 00
D. W. Simpson	6 00	G. Ellis	2 00
Misses Johnson	2 00	H. W. Stone	1 00
September 21.			
J. Dunn	2 00	E. Hannum	3 00
G. W. Levy	13 00	S. A. Polk	2 00
W. Allen	2 00	J. B. Taylor & Co.	2 00
J. Bell	5 00	S. Reeves	2 00
W. D. Green	2 00	G. W. Harvey	75
W. Frazier	2 00	E. Fisher	5 00
B. W. & P. B. Shiveley	2 00	R. S. Stewart	2 00
D. L. Marshall	2 00	S. W. Harris	2 00
T. W. Webb	2 00	C. W. Wells	5 00
Maj. J. Clark	3 00		
September 23.			
J. Welsh	4 00	J. Hartzell	2 00
Dr. J. B. Kern	5 00	A. W. Wilson	5 00
O. Dimock	4 00	J. C. Harper	2 00
J. Allison, Jr.	2 00	W. R. Hofland	2 00
Miss Jordan	3 00	L. T. James	6 00
H. Alden	2 00	J. H. Rowland	2 00
A. Wood, Sr.	2 00	C. P. Tucker	2 00
H. A. Smith	2 00	G. W. Booth	2 00
C. Bacon	2 00	A. G. Wharton	10 00
J. Gray	2 00	M. W. Sanford	2 00
J. J. Meyers	10 00		
September 24.			
W. Surls	6 00	J. A. Bynum	5 00
J. Beall	2 00	J. Kimmell	2 00
E. Brooks	2 00	J. Ramsey	6 00
J. P. Harris	1 00	Mrs. L. Borden	2 00
Mrs. M. A. Mattison	2 00	C. P. Bunting	2 00
J. Corbin	2 00	J. Mims	3 35
J. Y. Jones	2 00	B. Dupuy	2 00
J. R. Massey	3 00	R. T. Fenton	5 00
J. S. Greenlee	4 95		

SEE THAT IT'S THE GENUINE.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills is now written for by our most celebrated physicians, and prescribed in their daily practice. They are superior to all others now in use. It is recommended for all to become acquainted with this invaluable medicine, as its effect is wholly upon the blood, thereby will remove many diseases the human family are heir to. No better evidence is wanting to show their wonderful efficacy, than to mention that 70,000 boxes have been sold in a year. And they are now the most extensively used. This exceedingly valuable medicine is now most extensively manufactured by the proprietor, to meet the demands of the public. Its specific and salutary action in cases where other prescriptions have totally failed, has been abundantly tested by long experience.

☞ WE are sorry to add that notwithstanding the great efforts of the PROPRIETOR OF WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, to secure to the public the GENUINE MEDICINES, we have evidence of gross attempts to deceive and impose upon the unsuspecting. We therefore caution those who wish for the GENUINE PILLS, to beware how they purchase, and especially avoid those who offer the medicine at a REDUCTION from the REGULAR PRICES.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that all *Travelling Agents* who sell genuine, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of N. A. Coll. of Health.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston. Also, for sale by Mr. John Thompson, No. 153 Liberty St., Pittsburg.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and beware of travelling impostors.*

HEALTH OFFICE, SEPTEMBER 28, 1844.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 21st to the 28th of September.

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Abscess of Lungs,	1	0	Brought over,	22	18
Apoplexy,	1	0	—Remittent,	1	1
Burns,	0	1	—Scarlet,	0	2
Cancer of Uterus,	1	0	—Typhoid,	1	2
Casualty,	0	1	Fungus Hæmatodes,	0	1
Congestion of the Lungs,	1	0	Hæmorrhage,	0	1
—Liver,	1	0	Inflammation of the Lungs,	0	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	8	2	—Stomach and Bowels,	1	1
Convulsions,	1	5	—Peritoneum,	1	0
—Puerperal,	0	1	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	0	1	Marasmus,	1	5
Dropsy of Head,	0	1	Old Age,	4	0
—Breast,	0	1	Palsy,	1	0
Disease of Heart,	1	0	Sore Mouth,	0	1
Drowned,	1	0	Still Born,	0	5
Debility,	0	2	Syphilis Congenital,	0	1
Effusion on Brain,	1	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	2
Epilepsy,	1	0	Tetanus,	0	1
Enlargement of the Heart,	0	1	Tympanitis,	1	0
Fever,	0	1	Ulceration of Sore Throat,	0	1
—Bilious,	2	1	Unknown,	1	0
—Intermittent,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	1
Carried over,	22	18	Total,	83—35	48

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 10 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	22,	59	68	67
	23,	57	62	69
	24,	59	67	69
	25,	63	68	71
	26,	58	63	64
	27,	54	57	61
	28,	53	59	58

ALMANAC.

October, 1844.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
5 SATURDAY,	6 17	5 43	8 [illegible]	
6 SUNDAY,	6 18	5 41	9 44	D. H. M.
7 MONDAY,	6 19	5 41	10 30	
8 TUESDAY,	6 20	5 40	11 20	
9 WEDNESDAY,	6 22	5 38	12 10	Last 4 11 49
10 THURSDAY,	6 23	5 37	12 56	New 11 6 36
11 FRIDAY,	6 24	5 36	1 43	First 18 10 39
12 SATURDAY,	6 26	5 34	2 28	Full 26 1 20

Married,

On third day, the 1st instant, at Friends' Meeting, on Noble street, CHARLES L. SHARPLESS, to ANNA R. WILLIAMS, daughter of Richard Williams, all of this city.

At Lancaster, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Baker, NATHAN ELLMAKER, to CECILIA M. daughter of Christopher Hager, Esq.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 1, 1844, by Alderman G. W. Ash, JOSEPH WADDINGTON, of Salem county, New Jersey, to RUTH W. APPLETON, of the same place.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. George W. Chandler, Mr. JOHN PLUCKER, to Miss CHARLOTTE FENTON.

At Wilmington, Del. on the 24th ult. by the Rev. J. Kennedy, Mr. ROBERT WHITEHEAD, to Miss MATILDA BROOMALL, both of New Castle county, Del.

Also, on the 24th ult. by the same, Mr. NELSON BROWN, to Miss ELIZABETH HOUSTON, both of New Castle county, Del.

On the 22d ult. at Penneville, Chester county, Pa. by Charles H. Plummer, Evangelist, Mr. JOHN ANDERSON, to Miss ALMIRA DEEDS, both of the above named place.

By the same, Mr. ASBURY M. JOHNSON, to Miss SARAH A. HARVEY, both of Mill Creek Hundred, New Castle county, Del.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Morton, WM. C. MILLIGAN, to JULIA, daughter of the late Robinson Tyndall, all of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. E. L. Janes, Mr. E. W. BURNET, to Mrs. CHARLOTTE WHITE, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JAS. SMITH, to Miss ELIZABETH LEACH.

At Park Place, residence of Col. J. Sidney Jones, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Horatio G. Jones, of Roxborough, THOMAS FITZGERALD, to SARAH L. second daughter of the late Dr. George W. Riter.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Urie, Mr. CHARLES UNDERSCHEIDEN, to Miss ELIZABETH SMITH.

Died,

On the 2d inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of John Lindsey, aged 35 years.

On the 2d inst. THOMAS EVANS, aged 85 years.

On the 1st inst. SAMUEL W. MORTIMER, aged 8 years, 7 months and 20 days.

On the 1st instant, Miss ELIZA THOMPSON, in the 16th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. Mr. FREDERICK J. LOUDENBACH, in the 38th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. MARY ANTOINETTE, youngest daughter of Ettweine and Margaret Joyce.

On the 1st inst. Miss MARY A. WALSH, in the 16th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 1st inst. of apoplexy, Capt. SAMUEL THACKARA, aged 71 years.

On the 2d inst. PATRICK THORNTON, aged 43 years.

On the 1st inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of Samuel and Susan Hilbourn, aged 4 years.

In Charlestown, Chester county, on the 13th ult. Mr. H. M. THOMAS, in the 24th year of his age.

In Warwick Township, Chester county, of scarlatina, on the 16th ult. CHARLOTTE McCLELLAN, aged 11 mos. and 20 days; and on the 22d, MARGARETTA CLEMSON, aged 4 years, 9 months and 4 days, children of Col. Thos. K. Bull.

On the 1st inst. Mr. JOHN YOUNG, Sr. in the 77th year of his age.

On the 1st inst. ALEXANDER CALHOUN, in the 38th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. of apoplexy, RALPH W. POMEROY, aged 55 years.

On the 21st ult. after a short but severe illness, HANNAH SUPLEE, wife of Nathan Suplee, aged 44 years.

On the 27th ult JOHN HAMPTON, a faithful local preacher of the M. E. Church, aged 30 years.

On the 20th ult. in the city of Wilmington, Del., GEO. A. ESTLIN, of Hinckley, Leicestershire, England, after a long and painful affliction.

On the 25th ultimo, ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. and Elizabeth Selman, aged 12 months.

On the 25th ult. RICHARD C. NORTH, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 25th ult. ISABELLA CONDAN, daughter of W. Burk, in the 37th year of her age.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. ANN DOYLE, aged 42 years.

On the 28th ult. DAVID WOLF, aged 39 years.

On the 28th ult. JOHN M. CANNON, Esq., Mayor of the District of the Northern Liberties.

On the 25th ult. of palsy, DAVID LEAMMAN, in the 74th year of his age.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH L. TAYLOR, wife of John Taylor, Jr. of Caroline county, Va. and daughter of Dr. R. M. Patterson, of this city, aged 29 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. JANE WOOLLEY, wife of Adam Woolley, in the 31st year of her age.

On the 28th ult. MARGARET LOUISA, daughter of John B. and Susan Esher.

On the 28th ult. after a lingering illness, JOHN L. CORBIN, aged 51 years.

On the 28th ult. at the Falls of Schuylkill, WALTER JOHN, son of Thomas H. and Agnes C. Thompson, in the 4th year of his age.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH WESTON, wife of Daniel Weston.

On the 28th ult. in the 27th year of his age, Dr. JOHN F. EUSTIS, of New Orleans, son of the late Gen. Eustis.

On the 30th ult. ANNA, daughter of Edward and Mary Fullerton, in the 4th year of her age.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, October 5th, 1844.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	26 dis
Girard do.	1 dis
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	par
Lancaster bank,	par
Far. bk, Lancaster,	par
Lebanon,	½ dis
Harrisburg,	½a1 dis
Middleton,	½a1 dis
Carlisle,	½a1 dis
Columbia Bridge,	par
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk, Potts	½a1 dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	½ dis
Towanda,	90 dis
York,	½a1 dis
Gettysburg,	½a1 dis
Chambersburg,	½a1 dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	2 dis
" Demand notes,	2 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	2 dis
Berks county bank,	60 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	1½ dis
Doen. Cred. Script,	5 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	30
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do.
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk, Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk. New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	½ do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk. Buffalo,	55 do
All solvent banks,	½a1
Country banks,	½ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren Wash. Man. Co.	Broken.
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manf. Co.	do
Red Backs,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks *no value*.	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard,	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	½ dis
Exchange on New York,	
" Boston,	
" Baltimore,	
Specie,	
Country Relief Notes,	

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks,	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederickton,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	2 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks,	various prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	par
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	½ dis
Farmers' bk & brab's,	½ dis
Valley bk and branch,	½ dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	½ dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	2
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phœnix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk of Mill.	-
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Rucker Bkg. Co.	-
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA	
All solvent banks	a8½ dis
Small notes,	a12 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	2 dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank,	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes	1½ dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	3 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	-
CANADA.	
Montreal,	
	½ dis a ½ prem
	par
	½ dis
	par
	1a1½ dis

MUSICAL SCHOOL & CHURCH CHOIR BOOKS. CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS SUPPLIED.

CANTUS ECCLESIA, OR THE SACRED CHORISTER, a new and superb Book for Church Choirs, musical classes, &c. &c. by Darley & Standbridge.
Carmina Sacra, or Boston Collection.
The Psalmodist, by Hastings & Bradbury.
The Boston Academy, by Lowell Mason.
The Boston School Song Book, by L. Mason.
The New York Sacred Music Society's Book.
The Odeon, a collection of secular melodies.
The Juvenile Singing School, by Mason & Webb.
The Young Choir, or school singing book.
The School Singer, or Young Choir's Companion.
Mason's Book of Chaunts.
Kingsley's Social Choir in three vols.
The Gentleman's Glee Book.
The Boston Glee Book, by Mason & Webb.
The New York Glee Book, by Geo. Loder.
Mrs. Dana's Southern and Northern Harp.
Jarvis's Piano Forte Instructor.
Burrow's Piano Forte Primer.
Evangelical Music, by Hickok & Fleming.
The Modern Psalmist, by Lowell Mason.
The Harmonist, a new edition, revised, &c.
Bradbury's Singing School for Ladies and Gentlemen.
Dempster's Beauties of Vocal Melody.

For sale, *Wholesale and Retail*. Together with a general assortment of *Theological, Medical, Classical and School Books, cheap for cash*, by
LINDSAY & BLAKISTON,
Publishers, Booksellers and Blank Book Manufacturers, N. W. corner 4th and Chesnut streets, Philada.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

With the honest confidence and familiarity of an old and tried friend, jealous of no competitor, and satisfied of its ability to stand on equal terms with any, and superior to most, published or projected;—the

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

offers the congratulations of the season, at the months emphatically called the reading period approach; and presents, for the information of its friends, and in pursuance of custom, the following

GENERAL PROGRAMME.

Foremost among the duties of a newspaper editor, it is to furnish

A MAP OF BUSY LIFE,
ITS FLUCTUATIONS, AND ITS VAST CONCERNS.

In the performance of this duty the surveyors of the Post will take most especial care in laying out those pleasant places, and tranquil seas, in which the reader will find amusement and improvement. The Quicksands of Vice and the Dangers of Crime will be marked by the necessary and significant beacons, but in no case will the vocation of the conductors be so absurd as to render crime interesting by studied description, or to lessen the horrors of misdoing by too minute particulars—producing that familiarity in the minds of the young, which degrades newspapers, with professed good intentions, to the stand of mere panders for crime. As

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

It will be particular on proper themes, brief on others of which unpleasant truth requires the record, and comprehensive on all—performing the partisan work of

NO SECT OF RELIGION,—NO PARTY IN POLITICS.

But striving to render equal and exact justice to all men. During the coming contest, the

ELECTION RETURNS

will be published full and minute, with every pains to be correct, and certainly with as much claim to be trusted as any party paper. Our central position gives us in this respect advantages which no other point in the country possesses to so great an extent as is enjoyed by the

PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

In the Literary Department the same pains heretofore taken will be continued to make the Post in all important respects as good as

THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE,

and in some points, better than the best of the Monthlies. In READING MATTER, more than twice as much is given, for less money: The POSTAGE is a great deal less—the issue is more than four times as frequent as the monthlies; the literary matter embraces articles from all living writers, American and Foreign; and extracts also from the literary legacies of the great dead, as well as from current literature. In a word, the Post is a

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE COMBINED;

containing reading matter interesting to every member of the household. From the silver haired octogenarian, down to the very child, all unite in the declaration—

WE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT IT!

Among the literary features of the new volume, in preparation, will be—

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE,

Founded on an incident in AMERICAN HISTORY, and written for the Post, by a well known contributor to its columns, the author of

"PAUL JONES," "MARION'S MEN," &c.

Another Novellette on hand, will be devoted to the elucidation of events, and the preservation of incidents and manners, both of THE FIRESIDE and the BATTLE FIELD, in the days of the Revolution. It will be

AN AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE,

which the publishers feel confident the readers will find worthy of the paper which has always hitherto published

THE BEST AMERICAN ORIGINAL TALES,

these in pamphlet, magazine form NOT EXCEPTED. Another feature which the publishers think they have superior facilities for producing, will be

ORIGINAL DOMESTIC SKETCHES.

Illustrative of the virtues of real life, and offering a healthy contrast to the

HIGH WROUGHT SCENES OF ROMANCE,

in prose and verse, which will also be occasionally published to gratify the taste of those whose thoughts that way incline. The desultory reader will find in the

PACKINGS OF ODD CORNERS,

reading to his mind, and the matter of fact reader will continue to be served with

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND STATISTICS.

In one word, our motto is EXCELSIOR. Among the oldest papers on the continent, and possessed of all the advantages which long accumulated facilities afford, the conductors blood with these peculiar advantages, (not to be acquired in a day,) all the improvements which each successive year presents to their notice; and all the changes for the better, which occur to men intent on doing well by a reading public which has always done well for THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

TERMS.

1 COPY,	$2,00	PER ANNUM.
3 COPIES,	$5,00	" "
8 "	$10,00	" "
17 "	$20,00	" "

The money must always be sent in advance, free of postage.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, SAML. D. PATTERSON & Co.
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE Estate of JOHN LODGE, late of the Township of Kingsessing, deceased, are requested to make payment, and those having claims against said estate will present them for settlement to ABEL LODGE,
THOS G. LODGE, Executors.
Kingsessing, Sept. 9th, 1844. sep 28-6t

BELLE-VUE FEMALE SEMINARY,
BORDENTOWN, N. J.

THE SYSTEM OF INSTRUCTION THAT has been adopted in this Institution is intended to combine with the various branches of a polite and ornamental education such a course of study as shall serve to strengthen and unfold the mind and prepare it for practical usefulness. The subjects which primarily engage the attention are, therefore, such as may be considered the more solid; yet while these branches are thoroughly taught, the higher and more ornamental receive their due share of attention.

TERMS: Board and Tuition per annum, $118 00
Ancient and Modern Languages, each per quarter, 5 00
Music on the Piano, with use of instrument, 12 00

An extra charge will be made for washing and ironing of thirty-seven and a half cents per dozen, and one dollar per quarter for stationary and use of Library and Periodicals. The pupils must furnish their own beds, bedding and towels, or pay five dollars per annum for the use of those provided at the Seminary. Half payment for the session is required in advance.

The Fall and Winter session will commence on Monday, the 21st of October, and continue twenty-two weeks. For further information address the subscriber at Bordentown, N. J. WILLIAM H. GILDER.

REFERENCES:—Rev. W. F. Corbit, Dr. J. H. Cook, *Bordentown*—Sorin & Ball, Rev. Dr. Higgins, *Philadelphia*—Rev. Henry Slicer, Rev. Robt. Emory, *Baltimore*—Rev. Leroy, U. Lee—*Richmond*—Rev. W. M. Wightman—*Charleston*—Rev. Bishop Andrew, Rev. Dr. Pierce, *Georgia*—Rev. Dr. Winans, *New Orleans*—Rev. J. B. M'Ferrin, *Nashville*—Rev. Dr. Bascom, *Kentucky*—Rev. Bishop Morris, Rev. Dr. Elliott, *Cincinnati*—Rev. C. Cooke, *Pittsburg*—Rev. Bishop James, Rev. Dr. Peck, *New York*—Rev. Dr. Durbin, Rev. Professor M'Clintock, *Carlisle, Pa.* sep 14-3t

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION!

THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR & WOOD NAPHTHA.—Alluding to this powerful remedy, "The Spirit of the Times" says,—"It exceeds by far any medicine we have ever heard of for success in the cure of Consumption—we warmly recommend it to all who are predisposed to that terrible malady. Having used it ourselves we speak from experience and pronounce it an unrivalled remedy in pulmonary diseases and Liver Complaint."

STILL FURTHER PROOF! READ! READ! WONDERFUL CURE OF PULMONARY CONSUMPTION by THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR and WOOD NAPHTHA!

PHILADELPHIA, May 3, 1844.

Mr. S. P. Thomson—Dear Sir:—It is not within the power of language to express to you the gratitude I feel for your kindness, but had I ability, the fame of your medicine should be sounded throughout the world for the benefit of suffering humanity in every clime. I do not say too much, and well attested facts bear me out, when I say your COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR has, through Providence, literally raised me from a death-bed!

Last fall I contracted a severe cold, which resulted in violent inflammation of the lungs, which threw me into a rapid decline, with racking cough, spitting of blood, palpitation of the heart and oppression; and at times the circulation seemed suspended, a coldness would come over me, and I felt that powers of life were fast giving way. Nothing I took benefitted me, my appetite having left me, my stomach and bowels being completely deranged, and my physician gave me up, saying I was past help, and must die.

Mr. Vickers, one of the undersigned, called to see me, and kindly brought me a bottle of your medicine, but found me in a dying state; he left the medicine, however, and I so far revived as to swallow, with great difficulty, a teaspoonful, and astonishing indeed were its effects; before taking my first bottle, I threw off from my lungs a large quantity of corrupt matter, which relieved me wonderfully, and enabled my lungs to heal. The disease was completely arrested, and to your invaluable medicine alone I owe my restoration to health. For some time I had charge of the T. A. Society's Reading-Room, and thousands know me, and can bear witness that the foregoing statement is strictly true.

With feelings of lasting gratitude, I am respectfully yours, &c., WASHINGTON MACK,
Charlotte street, above George.

We, the undersigned, being personally acquainted with Washington Mack and his sufferings, bear witness to the astonishing effects of Thomson's Compound Syrup of Tar and Naphtha, and the truth of the above statements.
JOSEPH WINNER, No. 348 North Third street.
DAVID VICKERS, No. 42 Almond street.
HUGH M'GINLEY, S. E. cor. Tamany & 4th sts.

Principal, office N. E. corner FIFTH and SPRUCE streets, Philadelphia. Sold by F. Bringhurst, Wilmington, Del; J. Gish, Lancaster; A. L. Ruhe, Allentown; Stevenson & Dinkle, Carlisle; E. W. Earl, Reading; Moore & Longacre, Norristown; Thomas B. Hewlings, Trenton, N. J.; F. Woolman, Burlington, N. J.; Dr. Wm. C. McPherson, Harrisburg; Jacob Mayer, Chambersburg; John G. Brown, Pottsville; A. B. Sands & Co., New York city; Dame & Aldrich, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Seth W. Roberts, Mobile, Ala.

Price 50 cents per bottle or $5.00 per dozen.
☞ Beware of counterfeits. may 4-6m

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON.
Of GRAHAM & CHRISTY, Number 2, ASTOR HOUSE, NEW-YORK.
Of ROBINSON & JONES, NO. 121 MAIN ST. above THIRD ST. CINCINNATI.
J. W. COOK, No. 85 FOURTH St. PITTSBURGH.
Of MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

Selected Poetry.

THE SOUL'S BELIEF.

BY JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR.

Say not this life is all?
Fears not the seed in March's unpriest air
Must all we love of vigorous and fair
Alike return to dust?

The hearts must deep, to dust all moulder back,
And no found spirits tread a loftier track?

Must hopes of purer bliss,
More high and holy than we meet with now,
Stamp their bright vapour upon manhood's brow,
And love's flow timid kiss

Make but the heart throb with angel joy alone,
To perish when the clay to earth hath gone?

Oh! can the chainless soul,
That springs on through toil, and woe, and strife,
Onward and upward to a nobler life,
Reach not the lofty goal?

Canth phantom of a glory it may win,
Then sleep in gloom ere its bright course begin?

Vague dreams of childhood's hour,
Filling the heart with awe, it know not why,
As if it's spirit whispered, passing by;

Youth's burning wish for power—
To wear the mysteries that circle round,
To tread the depths of Nature's endless bound—

And manhood's loftier gaze,
Wearing the harness of a sterner light,
And struggling on, where through the lurid night
Ambition's meteors blaze;

Why—why—were those proud aspirations given,
If the worn soul be harried from even a hope of heaven?

It is the mind that soars within a few weeks, a rise in the price of cattle, great numbers of which have been required for feeding the ferocious animals, kept for the exhibition of the amphitheatre. Immediately upon being apprised of this, the Emperor repaired to the public jail, and causing all the prisoners to pass in review before him—and these were men, committed, not for punishment, but for trial—Caligula points to two bald-headed men, and orders that the whole file of intermediate persons shall be marched off to feed the hungry beasts. "Tell them off," he says, "from the bald man to the bald man."

The hour of exhibition at last arrives, the gates are thrown open, and a hundred infuriated beasts leap into the arena. A roar, like the bellowing of a volcano, shakes the solid walls of the huge edifice, and the savage victims grapple each other in deadly combat.

Morning wears away, while, with mangled limbs, and drenched in blood, yelling with anguish, one by one, the exhausted combatants fall dead upon the sand. Women and children sit at their open windows, drinking up the awful sights with greediness, every faculty absorbed in the atrocious spectacle, till the noon-day sun pours its hot beams upon their heads. There is a father, teaching his son to shoot and clap his little hands with glee, when the air rings with howls of agony, and fierce shrieks of wrath. Even the soft eye of woman glares with excited passion, and the daughters of Rome lift up their voices in the chorus of tumultuous applause when some mighty monarch of the forest is laid low by a mightier than he.

As the day advances, the lust for blood begins to be satiated, and the appetite demands a sharper stimulant. There is now a brief pause, while the battle ground is cleared of the dead who encumber it. The weary citizen wipes his fevered brow, and refreshes himself for the enjoyment of the more exciting scenes which are to follow.

At length the preparations are completed, and the iron door is again thrown open. Human victims now appear, and are ranged in order for the combat. Waiting the signal for this work of butchery to begin, there stand in opposed rank the brave youth of Thrace, and gray-haired Gaul, and the stout-limbed German, selected at random, from the wretched mass of slaves, to murder each other, for the amusement of the people. We give one aching thought to the mothers and children who mourn for them in a distant land, and then, baring their breasts to the sword, rush on to the encounter. Higher and fiercer the shout rises from the crowded benches, as one after another, hacked limb from limb, they bite the earth in death. The places of the fallen are constantly supplied by fresh victims, and it is not till the coming on of evening, that the bloody games are closed, and the families of Rome, gorged with slaughter, retire to their homes.

This is a heathen holyday, and this is the training of heathen children.

Turn we now to the land upon which the Sun of Righteousness has risen. It is the morning of the Sabbath, the Christian holyday.

Down in the valley, and echoed back by the towering mountain, the soft chimes are tolling out the loud of prayer. The sounds of labor are hushed, the clattering wheel, the heavy hammer, the lumbering cart nowhere break the stillness. The green fields seem to sleep, the faintest tinkle of the brook is clearly distinguished, and the song of the lark far up in the clouds, and out of sight, comes down upon the ear with strange distinctness.

Parents and children, with chastened joy and sober cheerfulness, are wending their way to the holy sanctuary. And soon the gathering people have entered the sacred courts, and the door is shut. Down upon their knees, in secret prayer the congregation have fallen, while the organ voice are wailing through the arches above. The white-robed priest appears in his place, and with affectionate earnestness, summons the people to united adoration. And now the heavenly service advances from prayer to praise, and from praise to supplication. Alternately the rich strains of Hebrew worship, the sweet songs, and penitential confessions, and lofty thanksgivings of the royal singer of Israel, the glowing orientalisms of Jewish prophets, the pregnant sayings of evangelists and apostles, and the precepts of Him "who spoke as never man spake," the litanies, and canticles, and creeds of ancient confessors and martyrs, fill the church with their varying, yet ever accordant melody.

The hour of worship over, the minister of God ascends the pulpit, and opening the sacred Scripture, tells of a God, who so loved the world, that He gave His only Son to die for its redemption. He preaches to the people of a pure and undefiled religion, which charges us to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from sin. He enforces the sublime and holy precept, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst give him drink." At last he lifts up his voice in solemn benediction, and the father and mother take their little ones by the hand, and refreshed and sanctified by the blessed intercourse with Heaven, they retire to their pleasant and peaceful homes.

This is a Christian holyday, and this is the training of Christian children.

Traits of Spain.

THE BULL FIGHT.

BY M. THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

"Montes is a native of Chiclana, near Cadiz. He is a man of forty to forty-five years of age, a little above the middle height, of grave aspect and deportment, deliberate in his movements, and of a pale olive complexion. There is nothing remarkable about him, except the quickness and mobility of his eyes. He appears more supple and active than robust, and even his success as a bull-fighter to his coolness, correct eye, and knowledge of the art, rather than to any muscular strength. As one who knows a bull, he can judge the character of the beast; whether its attack will be straightforward or accompanied by stratagem; whether it is slow or rapid in its motions; whether it is good or otherwise. Thanks to this sort of intuitive perception, he is always ready with an appropriate mode of defence. Nevertheless, as he pushes his temerity to fool-hardiness, he has been often wounded in the course of his career, to one of which accidents a scar upon his cheek bears testimony. Several times he has been carried out of the circus grievously hurt.

"The day I saw him his costume was of the most elegant and costly description, composed of silk of an apple-green color, magnificently embroidered with silver. He is very rich, and only continues to frequent the bull-ring from taste and love of the excitement, for he has amassed more than fifty thousand dollars; a large sum, if we consider the great expenses which bull-fighters are put to in dress, and in travelling from one town to another, accompanied by their quadrilla or assistant bull-fighters. One costume often costs fifteen hundred or two thousand francs.

"Montes does not contient himself, like most matadores, with killing the bull when the signal of death is given. He superintends and directs the combat, and goes to the assistance of those who are in danger. More than one torero has saved him his life. Once a bull had overturned a horse and rider, and, after goring the former in a frightful manner, was making violent efforts to get at the latter, who was struggling to disengage himself from the stirrup. Montes seized the ferocious beast by the tail, and turned him round three or four times, amidst the frantic applause of the spectators, thus giving time to extricate the fallen man. Sometimes he places himself in front of the bull, with crossed arms, and fixes his eyes upon those of the animal, which stops suddenly, subjugated by that keen and steadfast gaze. Then comes the torrent of applause, and vociferations, cause of delight; a sort of delirium seems to seize the fifteen thousand spectators, who stamp and dance upon their benches in a state of the wildest excitement; every handkerchief is waved, every hat thrown into the air; while Montes, the only collected person amongst this mad multitude, enjoys his triumph in silence, and bows slightly, with the air of a man capable of much greater things. For such applause as that, I can understand a man risking life every minute of the day. It is worth while. Oh! ye golden-throated singers, ye fairy-footed dancers, ye emperors and poets, who flatter yourselves that you have excited popular enthusiasm, you never heard Montes applauded by a crowded circus.

"Occasionally it happens that the spectators themselves beg him to perform some of his feats of address. A pretty girl will call out to him, (Vamos! Señor Montes, vamos, Paquiro!) (which is his Christian name,) 'you who are so gallant, do something for a lady's sake; one costs, some trifling matter.' Then Montes puts his foot on the bull's head, and jumps over him; or else shakes his cloak in the animal's face, by a rapid movement envelopes himself in it so as to form the most graceful drapery, and then, by a spring on one side avoids the rush of the irritated brute.

"In spite of Montes' popularity, he received on the day on which I saw him, rather a rough proof of the impartiality of a Spanish public, and of the extent to which it pushes its love of fair play towards beasts as well as men.

"A magnificent black bull was turned into the arena, and from the manner in which he made his entrance, the connoisseurs augured great things of him. He united all the qualities one desirable in a fighting bull: his horns were long and sharp; his legs small and nervous, promising great activity; his large dewlap and symmetrical form indicated vast strength. Without a moment's delay he rushed upon the nearest picador, and knocked him over, killing his horse with a blow; he then went to the second, whom he treated in like manner, and whom they had scarcely time to lift over the barrier, and get out of harm's way. In less than a quarter of an hour, he had killed seven horses—the chulos, or footmen, were intimidated, and shook their scarlet cloaks at a respectful distance, keeping near the palisades, and jumping over as soon as the bull showed signs of approaching them. Montes himself seemed disconcerted, and had more even placed his foot on the sort of ledge which is nailed to the barriers at the height of two feet from the ground, to assist the bull-fighters in leaping over. The spectators shouted with delight, and paid the bull the most flattering compliments. Presently, a new exploit of the animal heightened their enthusiasm to the very highest pitch.

"The two picadores or horsemen were disabled, but a third appeared, and, lowering the point of his lance, awaited the bull, which attacked him furiously, and, without allowing itself to be turned aside by a thrust in the shoulder, put its head under the horse's belly, with one jerk threw his fore foot on the top of the barrier, and with a second, raising his hind quarter, threw him and his rider fairly over the wall into the corridor or passage between the first and second barriers.

"Such a feat as this was unheard of, and it was rewarded by thunders of bravos. The bull remained master of the field of battle, which he paraded in triumph, snuffing himself, for want of better adversaries, with tossing about the carcasses of the dead horses. He had killed them all; the circus stable was empty. The banderilleros remained sitting astride upon the barriers, but daring to come down and tease the bull with their banderillas or darts. The spectators, impatient at this inaction, shouted out 'Los banderillas! Los banderillas!' and 'Fuego al Miuado!'—to the fire with the Alcalde, because he did not give the order to attack. At last, on a sign from the governor of the town, a banderillero advanced, planted a couple of darts in the neck of the bull, and ran off as fast as he could, but scarcely quick enough, for his arm was grazed, and the sleeve of his jacket rent by the beast's horn. Then, in spite of the hooting of the spectators, the Alcalde ordered Montes to despatch the bull, although in opposition to the laws of tauromachia, which enjoins the bull to have received four pairs of banderillas before he is left to the sword of the matador.

"Montes, instead of advancing as usual into the middle of the arena, placed himself at about twenty paces from the barrier, so as to be nearer a refuge in case of accident; he looked very pale, and without indulging in any of those little bits of display, the sort of coquetry of courage, which have procured him the admiration of all Spain, he unfolded his scarlet muleta and shook it at the bull, who at once rushed at him, and almost as instantly fell, as if struck by a thunderbolt. One convulsive bound, and the huge animal was dead. The sword had entered the forehead and pierced the brain, a throat which is forbidden by the regulations of the bull-ring. The matador ought to pass his arm between the horns of the beast and stab him in the nape of the neck; that being the most dangerous way for the man, and consequently giving the bull a better chance.

"Soon as it was ascertained how the bull had been killed, a storm of indignation burst from the spectators; such a hurricane of abuse and hisses as I had never before witnessed. Butcher, assassin, brigand, thief, executioner, were the mildest terms employed. 'To the gallevs with Montes! To the fire with Montes! To the dogs with him!' But the words were not enough. Fans, hats, sticks, fragments torn from the benches, water jars, every available missile, in short, was hurled into the ring. As to Montes, his face was perfectly green with rage, and I noticed that he bit his lips till they bled; although he endeavored to appear unmoved, and remained leaning with an air of affected grace upon his sword, from the point of which the had wiped the blood in the hand of the arena.

"So frail a thing is popularity. No one would have thought it possible before that day, that so great a favorite and consummate a bull fighter as Montes would have been punished thus severely for an infraction of a rule, which was doubtless rendered absolutely necessary by the agility, vigor, and extraordinary fury of the animal with which he had to contend. There was another bull to be killed, but it was Jose Parra, the second matador, who despatched it, its death passing almost unnoticed in the midst of the tumult and indignation of the spectators. The fight over, Montes got into a calesin with his quadrilla, and left the town, shaking the dust from his feet, and swearing by all the saints that he would never return to Malaga."

SPANISH PRIDE.

"I was not able to discover any symptoms of Spanish pride. Nothing is so little to be depended upon as the character popularly attributed both to nations and individuals. I found the Spaniards, on the contrary, very simple and affable in the department. Spain of the present day is the true country of equality—if not nominally, at least in fact. The beggar lights his paquito at the Grandee cigar of the nobleman, who allows him to do so without the least affectation of condescension; the marquess or cordova smiles as she steps over the bodies of the ragged canaille who are sleeping in the steps of the opera; and even a journey she will not hesitate, if necessary, to drink from the same glass as the zagal who drives, or the cacopeteros who escorts her carriage. Foreigners have much difficulty in accustoming themselves to this kind of familiarity, especially the English, who are in the habit, when at home, of having their letters brought to them on plates, off which they take them with tongs. One of the Alcaldes in Andalusia going from Seville to Xeres, sent his calesero to dine in the kitchen of the inn, which is contrary to the usual custom in such cases. The calesero, who in his heart thought he was doing a honour by sitting down at the same table with him, made no remark at the time, dined, and resumed his journey. When he got to about three or four leagues from Xeres, in a sort of desert, full of briars and pitfalls, he very coolly took the Englishman by the collar, and pitched him out of the carriage.

"There!" said he, 'you did not think me, Don Balbino Bustamente y Orozco, worthy to sit at your table; in my turn I don't think you worthy to sit beside me in my calesin. Adios.' And he drove on, leaving the unfortunate traveller to find his way to Xeres on foot."

Religious Annuals.

FROM THE OPAL, FOR 1845.

THE CONTRAST.

BY THE REV. T. M. CLARKE.
(Rector of St. Andrew's, Philadelphia.)

It is in the reign of Caligula, and the sun has just dawned upon the splendors of Pagan Rome. A holyday has arrived, and ever since the hour of midnight, multitudes have been crowding towards the great ampitheatre, where the bloody games are about to be celebrated. The vast space is soon filled with a living mass of human beings, and every eye is fixed upon the iron doors which communicate from the dens of the wild beasts, who are to throttle and tear each other for the pleasure of the citizens of Rome.

There has been, within a few weeks, a rise in the price of cattle, great numbers of which have been required for feeding the ferocious animals, kept for the exhibition of the amphitheatre. Immediately upon being apprised of this, the Emperor repaired to the public jail, and causing all the prisoners to pass in review before him—and these were men, committed, not for punishment, but for trial—Caligula points to two bald-headed men, and orders that the whole file of intermediate persons shall be marched off to feed the hungry beasts. "Tell them off," he says, "from the bald man to the bald man."

The hour of exhibition at last arrives, the gates are thrown open, and a hundred infuriated beasts leap into the arena. A roar, like the bellowing of a volcano, shakes the solid walls of the huge edifice, and the savage victims grapple each other in deadly combat.

Morning wears away, while, with mangled limbs, and drenched in blood, yelling with anguish, one by one, the exhausted combatants fall dead upon the sand. Women and children sit at their open windows, drinking up the awful sights with greediness, every faculty absorbed in the atrocious spectacle, till the noon-day sun pours its hot beams upon their heads. There is a father, teaching his son to shoot and clap his little hands with glee, when the air rings with howls of agony, and fierce shrieks of wrath. Even the soft eye of woman glares with excited passion, and the daughters of Rome lift up their voices in the chorus of tumultuous applause when some mighty monarch of the forest is laid low by a mightier than he.

As the day advances, the lust for blood begins to be satiated, and the appetite demands a sharper stimulant. There is now a brief pause, while the battle ground is cleared of the dead who encumber it. The weary citizen wipes his fevered brow, and refreshes himself for the enjoyment of the more exciting scenes which are to follow.

At length the preparations are completed, and the iron door is again thrown open. Human victims now appear, and are ranged in order for the combat. Waiting the signal for this work of butchery to begin, there stand in opposed rank the brave youth of Thrace, and gray-haired Gaul, and the stout-limbed German, selected at random, from the wretched mass of slaves, to murder each other, for the amusement of the people. We give one aching thought to the mothers and children who mourn for them in a distant land, and then, baring their breasts to the sword, rush on to the encounter. Higher and fiercer the shout rises from the crowded benches, as, one after another, hacked limb from limb, they bite the earth in death. The places of the fallen are constantly supplied by fresh victims, and it is not till the coming on of evening, that the bloody games are closed, and the families of Rome, gorged with slaughter, retire to their homes.

This is a heathen holyday, and this is the training of heathen children.

Turn we now to the land upon which the Sun of Righteousness has risen. It is the morning of the Sabbath, the Christian holyday.

Down in the valley, and echoed back by the towering mountain, the soft chimes are tolling out the loud of prayer. The sounds of labor are hushed, the clattering wheel, the heavy hammer, the lumbering cart nowhere break the stillness. The green fields seem to sleep, the faintest tinkle of the brook is clearly distinguished, and the song of the lark far up in the clouds, and out of sight, comes down upon the ear with strange distinctness.

Parents and children, with chastened joy and sober cheerfulness, are wending their way to the holy sanctuary. And soon the gathering people have entered the sacred courts, and the door is shut. Down upon their knees, in secret prayer the congregation have fallen, while the organ voice are wailing through the arches above. The white-robed priest appears in his place, and with affectionate earnestness, summons the people to united adoration. And now the heavenly service advances from prayer to praise, and from praise to supplication. Alternately the rich strains of Hebrew worship, the sweet songs, and penitential confessions, and lofty thanksgivings of the royal singer of Israel, the glowing orientalisms of Jewish prophets, the pregnant sayings of evangelists and apostles, and the precepts of Him "who spoke as never man spake," the litanies, and canticles, and creeds of ancient confessors and martyrs, fill the church with their varying, yet ever accordant melody.

The hour of worship over, the minister of God ascends the pulpit, and opening the sacred Scripture, tells of a God, who so loved the world, that He gave His only Son to die for its redemption. He preaches to the people of a pure and undefiled religion, which charges us to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from sin. He enforces the sublime and holy precept, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst give him drink." At last he lifts up his voice in solemn benediction, and the father and mother take their little ones by the hand, and refreshed and sanctified by the blessed intercourse with Heaven, they retire to their pleasant and peaceful homes.

This is a Christian holyday, and this is the training of Christian children.

'The Chills.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A GERMAN ROMANCE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"A jolly place, said he, and he, in days of old,
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed."
Hayting Will, by Wordsworth.

PART I.

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic whimsies
Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground;
It might be merely by a thought's expansion;
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found
An old deserted mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,
A dwelling place—and yet no habitation;
A house—yet under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates hall upon hung,
Jar'd by the gusty spleen of many winters,
That from the crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small,
No pigeon on the roof, no human household creature—
No cat dreamily dozing on the wall—
Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirred, to go or come,
No face looked forth from shut or open casement;
No chimney smoked—there was no sign of home
From parapet to basement.

With shatter'd panes the granary court was stare'd;
The lower windows were all blind and sightless;
And thro' the ragged roof the sky shone, bare'd
With naked bone and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

PART II.

The door's grave wild and rankly as the weed,
Knees with thistles struggled for repeat,
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
Had swegrown the door.

But grey or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration;
All times and tides were lost in one long term
Of stagnant desolation.

The worn had built within the porch, she found
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;
And on the lawn—within its nerly mound—
The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted thro'
The shrubby clumps, and trick'd, and set, and vanish'd,
But leisurely and bold, as if he knew
He had nothing to be harm'd.

The wary crow—the pheasant from the woods—
Lull'd by the still and everlasting sameness,
Came to the mansion, like domestic broods,
And fed with perfect confidence.

The Bloody Hand that with a lurid stain
Shone on the lintel of the door, a dingied token,
Projected from the casement's painted pane,
Where all beside was broken.

The Bloody Hand significant of crime,
That glaring at the old heraldic banner,
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time,
In such a wondrous manner!

Over all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

The death watch ticked behind the panneled oak,
Like clocks of insect life, or rather say
Like insects counting out the moments slow
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,
But through one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,
The while some secret inspiration said,
That chamber is the ghostly!

Across the door no gossamer festoon
Swung pendulous—no web—no dusty fringes,
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon
About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunned the interdicted room,
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banished,
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom
The very midge had vanished.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a Bed,
As if with awful aim direct and certain,
To show the Bloody Hand in burning red
Embroidered on the curtain.

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt—
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted
The floor alone retained the trace of guilt,
Those boards obscurely spotted.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
With misty doubtless as the grated casement—
Oh what a tale they told of fear intense,
Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of night
Had counted like pageant of the past distance?
Had sought the door, the window in his flight,
Striving for dear existence?

What shrieking spirit in that bloody room
Has mustered frantic half-voluntary control?
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,
A ghostly shadow flitted.

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,
But pointed on the air so very clearly,
It hardly veiled the tapestry at all,
Or portrait frowning grimly.

Over all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

PART III.

'Tis hard for human science to account,
Whether from reasons or from impulse only—
But some internal prompting bade me mount
The gloomy stairs and lonely.

Three gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,
With shatter'd frames and relics carried,
Deprived of vile, and consecrated mould,
The chapel vault, or charnel.

Those dreary stairs, where with the unwilling screw
Of every step on many echoes blended,
The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to grow
How many feet ascended.

The transport with its spasm had drifted in,
Till such inconsequence seems wise darkly spotted,
As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,
With leaves that readily rotted.

The air was thick—and in the upper gloom
The dull was something in its shape—wee winging:
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
The Death's-head moth was clinging.

That nameless thing, which, with a sense profound
Of all unlikely presence, augurs truly;
And with a grim significance flits round
The hour hesitating lonely.

Such storms in the place there seemed to be,
At every crooked turn, or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepared to see
Some apparition stand by.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

Not merely with the minute life that lies
Within the compass of Art's simulation
Their souls were looking through their painted eyes
With awful meaning.

On every lip a speechless horror dwelt;
On every brow the burthen of affliction;
The old ancestral spirits knew and felt
The house's malediction.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,
They might have stirred, or sighed, or wept, or spoken;
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,
The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,
Except my steps in solitary chamber,
From flight to flight, from haunted stair to stair,
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,
That old magnificence had richly furnished
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date
And carvings gilt and burnished.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,
With Scripture history, or classic fable,
But all had faded, save one ragged part,
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth
Had marred, and marred, and marred, and rendered patchy,
But endearing frowned upon the cloth
Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;
Some times were fresh, and some discoloured and duller;
But still the Bloody Hand shone strangely out
Through every varied colour.

The cost was swimming in the ready pond,
Beside the water-hen, no soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard except, from far away,
The ringing of the Whitwall's shrilly laughter,
Or, now and then, the clamor of the jay,
That Echo mormor'd after.

But Echo never mock'd the human tongue;
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,
Or planned in vain or foul or haughty metal,
The sing was crawling on the various chase—
The touch upon the mute.

The flaw or accident of mould and mast,
The tongue in the rotten stones had quickened,
While on the oaken table coats of dust
Preternatly had thickened.

No mark of leathern jack or metal can,
No cup—no horn—no hospitable token—
All moral ties between that board and man
Had long ago been broken.

There was no food, a rumor in the air,
The shadow of a pressure so attractive:
No human creature could have trained there,
Even the most forgiveness!

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

PART IV.

Oh, very gloomy is the House of Woe,
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
With all the dark variety of sadness which show
That Death is on the dwelling!

Oh very, very dreary is the room
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,
And flowers and smiling nurse and fibre feel
No agun-like a shiver.

But House of Woe, and hearse, and sable pall,
The narrow home of the departed mortal,
The linked to pass on that ghastly hall,
With its deserted portal!

The centipede along the threshold crept,
The cobweb hung across in many tangle,
As utterly forsaken there the maggot slept,
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lulged the earwig and her brood,
The cranneis of the steps had old possession,
And cluster'd, as in search of their diurnal food
The unobtrusive procession.

An undisturbed procession.

As undisturbed as the prehensile cell
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue,
And where the rankest speed to sharp so shrilly,
The loud was squatting, and the hoarsd crept
On that deep hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,
Or gladdened the room of hall or hospitly metal,
The sting was crawling on the various chase—
The touch upon the mute.

The floor was strewn in evidence of mould and must,
The tongue in the rotten stones had quickened,
While on the oaken table coats of dust
Preternatly had thickened.

No mark of leathern jack or metal can,
No cup—no horn—no hospitable token—
All moral ties between that board and man
Had long ago been broken.

There was no food, a rumor in the air,
The shadow of a pressure so attractive:
No human creature could have trained there,
Even the most forgiveness!

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

Our Scrap Book.

AN OWL STORY.

Dispensing with all preming rigmaroles, it is only necessary to state at once, that Colonel Stenton was at one time a legislator in a certain legislative hall. He has been an Indian agent among the Ohagees, and wherever he trod the floor he was exceedingly famous for making tropes and similies of buffaloes, wolves, panthers, bears, foxes, and all other voracious animals. In this way he got to be quite a lion himself, and his opponents all shrank in terror from his roar. But on one occasion a young lawyer, new upon the floor; but who knew the roaring Colonel of old, got up and replied to him as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, does the gentleman imagine he is going to frighten us down here with a menagerie of wild beasts! Though the gentleman is so anxious to let us know that he was born in the forest, and was suckled by a wolf, he never scared by an owl? The honorable member may possibly, recognise a reminiscence which may be related thus.

"A certain valiant gentleman was once benighted, even in his native woods, and, calling aloud for assistance from his dilemma, he heard a sepulchral voice exclaim in answer, *Hoo—hoo—hoo—hoo—who are you?* The gentleman instantly replied at the top of his voice, "I am Colonel David Crockett Julius Cæsar Alexander Napoleon Stentor, formerly of Nicholas county, Kentucky, now a candidate to represent Calloway county, in the lower branch of the next general Assembly of Missouri, and I am lost!" "*Hoo—hoo—hoo—ha ha—ha—ha—ha—hah*," returned the distant stranger; and Mr. Speaker, the valiant Colonel was left by the owl to find his way out of the woods, which I presume he did, as he sits among us at present."

The speech was interrupted throughout with uproarious laughter, which echoed again and again in violent gusts for some moments after the juvenile member sat down. At length, to the surprise of everybody, Colonel Stenton slowly arose with a witticism, and replied,

"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman inquires if it is possible for me to be scared by an owl? *I confess I am.*"

☞ A venerable lady of a celebrated physician in Boston, one day casting her eye out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed, "*I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions—it appears too much like a tailor carrying home his own work.*"

☞ A young lady returning late from a concert, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk, but was still unable to step across the gutter. "I can lift you over," said coachy. "Oh, no!" said she, "I am too heavy." "Lord, marm," replied Jehu, "I am used to lifting barrels of sugar."

☞ The N. O. Picayune, after giving some specimens of the rhyming propensities of the politicians of the present day, says "well may we exclaim

"Get out of the way, old Lord Byron
Your poetry, alias flats, ain't worth old iron!"

☞ "I'm afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse, "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married."

☞ "Thomas, spell weather," said a teacher to a new pupil. "W-e-a-t-h-e-r, weather." "Well, Thomas, I think that is the worst spell of weather we have lately encountered. You may sit down."

☞ The late Mr. John Jones being asked by a friend, "How he kept himself from being involved in quarrel?" replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

☞ A New York paper says that *tall* ladies invariably prefer *short* men. An exchange thinks this is an error, and observes that no women object to *Hymen*.

☞ Jack Downing says, "There's nothing that greases the wheels of business like newspaper advertising. Bear's fat aint no touch to it."

An Independent Woman.—Talk indeed, of your pantomime and gaudy shows; your processions, and installations, and coronations! give me a beautiful sight, a neat and smart woman, heating her own oven, and setting her own bread! And if the bustle does make the sign of labor glisten on her brow, what man would not kiss that off, rather than lick the plaster from the cheek of a duchess?—*Colbett.*

Railleay.—The railway which is consistent with good breeding is a gentle animadversion on some foible which, while it raises the laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame or contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate, that the object of it should be able to join in the mirth it occasions.—*Fielding.*

Popularity.—The brightness of a falling star—the reflecting splendor of a rainbow—the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation. The politician who, in these lunatic times, hopes to adapt himself to the changes of public opinion, should qualify for the task by attempting to make a pair of stays for the moon, which become a new fashion and figure every night.

☞ The beautiful Lady Coventry was once exhibiting to Selwyn a splendid new dress, covered with large silver spangles, the size of a shilling, and inquired of him whether he admired her taste. "Why," he replied, "you will be *change for a guinea.*"

☞ A Yankee has invented a *drilling* machine, to which he calls the attention of military companies.

☞ The "Yankee," says the insignia of a modern gentleman, is a new coat not paid for!

☞ "It opens rich," as the fellow said when he broke open the miser's chest.

A Mother's Love.

A TALE OF THE HEART.

During the last festive season,—when those who thought at all, reflected that eighteen hundred and forty-three years ago, the religion of the heart, bringing peace and good-will on earth, came to soften the rigor of the religion of form—a little girl, not six years old, had been observed by a lonely lady, sitting day after day on the step of a door opposite her house. It seemed to belong to nobody; but, at a certain hour, there it was, wrapped in an old shawl, crouched on the cold stone, and rocking itself pensively backwards and forwards, more like an ailing old woman than a child. Other children played around it, but this melancholy little being mingled not in their sports, but sat silent and solitary.

Soon afterwards it was seen to peep about the area of the lady's house, and look wistfully at the kitchen windows. The lady, who was kind to children, thought that the little girl might be trying to attract her notice, opened the door suddenly, and offered it some gingerbread. When the door opened, there was a strange, eager expression in the child's eyes, but when she saw the lady she looked scared and disappointed. The kind voice and manner soon reassured the startled child, who thankfully took the offering, broke it up into little bits in her hand, and carried it to the door-step opposite, where she again took up her station. Another child, seeing the gingerbread, came up to the solitary infant, who gave the new-comer some, and, by her gestures, the lady thought that she was informing the other child whence the gift came. After waiting a considerable time without eating her gingerbread, the poor little girl rose dejectedly and went away, still looking back at the house.

A day or two afterwards, the same child was seen lingering about the pavement near the area, and holding out a bit of sugarcandy in its tiny fingers through the rails.

The lady, who thought that the child was come to offer it out of gratitude for the gingerbread, went down into the area; but, as soon as she appeared, the child ran away. Soon again, however, the child was at its old station, the door-step opposite. The lady had mentioned this to her only female servant as very odd, but received no observation in reply.

One morning the door was opened to receive a piece of furniture, and the same child again suddenly appeared, and advanced stealthily towards the door. The lady, who was near, said, "I see you!" when the child immediately retreated to her door-step.

"This is very extraordinary," said the lady to her servant; "I cannot make out that child wants."

"Madam," said the servant, bursting into tears, "it is my child!"

"Your child! But go, bring her in. Where does she live?"

"With my sister, and she goes to school. I have told her never to come here; but the poor thing will come every bit of playtime she gets. That day you thought she was offering you some sugarcandy, I had been to the school and given her a penny; when school was over, she came to give me a bit of the sugarcandy she had bought. Oh, ma'am, have mercy—forgive me! Do not send me away!"

The lady, who had known adversity, and was not one of those rigidly righteous people who forgot the first principles inculcated by the divine Author of Christian creed, looked grave, it is true, but did not shrink from the lowly sinner as if she had the plague, although she had become a mother before she had been made a wife, by the gay cavalier who had deserted her. Instead of this, she raised the child on the floor he was exceedingly famous for making tropes and similies of buffaloes, wolves, panthers, bears, foxes, and all other voracious animals. In this way he got to be quite a *lion* himself, and his opponents all shrank in terror from his roar. But on one occasion a young lawyer, new upon the floor; but who knew the roaring Colonel of old, got up and replied to him as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, does the gentleman imagine he is going to frighten us down here with a menagerie of wild beasts! Though the gentleman is so anxious to let us know that he was born in the forest, and was suckled by a wolf, he never scared by an owl? The honorable member may possibly, recognise a reminiscence which may be related thus.

"A certain valiant gentleman was once benighted, even in his native woods, and, calling aloud for assistance from his dilemma, he heard a sepulchral voice exclaim in answer, *Hoo—hoo—hoo—hoo—who are you?* The gentleman instantly replied at the top of his voice, "I am Colonel David Crockett Julius Cæsar Alexander Napoleon Stentor, formerly of Nicholas county, Kentucky, now a candidate to represent Calloway county, in the lower branch of the next general Assembly of Missouri, and I am lost!" "*Hoo—hoo—hoo—ha ha—ha—ha—ha—ha—hah*," returned the distant stranger; and Mr. Speaker, the valiant Colonel was left by the owl to find his way out of the woods, which I presume he did, as he sits among us at present."

The speech was interrupted throughout with uproarious laughter, which echoed again and again in violent gusts for some moments after the juvenile member sat down. At length, to the surprise of everybody, Colonel Stenton slowly arose with a witticism, and replied,

"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman inquires if it is possible for me to be scared by an owl? *I confess I am.*"

☞ A venerable lady of a celebrated physician in Boston, one day casting her eye out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed, "*I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions—it appears too much like a tailor carrying home his own work.*"

☞ A young lady returning late from a concert, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk, but was still unable to step across the gutter. "I can lift you over," said coachy. "Oh, no!" said she, "I am too heavy." "Lord, marm," replied Jehu, "I am used to lifting barrels of sugar."

☞ The N. O. Picayune, after giving some specimens of the rhyming propensities of the politicians of the present day, says "well may we exclaim

"Get out of the way, old Lord Byron
Your poetry, alias flats, ain't worth old iron!"

☞ "I'm afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse, "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married."

☞ "Thomas, spell weather," said a teacher to a new pupil. "W-e-a-t-h-e-r, weather." "Well, Thomas, I think that is the worst spell of weather we have lately encountered. You may sit down."

☞ The late Mr. John Jones being asked by a friend, "How he kept himself from being involved in quarrel?" replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

☞ A New York paper says that *tall* ladies invariably prefer *short* men. An exchange thinks this is an error, and observes that no women object to *Hymen*.

☞ J